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THROUGH AIR POWER**

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Revealing!**

THE STORY OF JESUS
Magnificently Told
in Color

THE
PERFECT GARDENER

Which picture is best for your Eyes?



ORDINARY TV—Limited range



G-E TV—Widest range

**DISCOVER
FOR YOURSELF**

TV's Finest Picture

See G-E Black-Daylight TV side by side with any other TV! It's free from annoying glare or reflection. Blacker blacks, whiter whites, sharper contrast, amazing detail—result of 140% greater range of picture tones than ordi-

nary TV, by actual test. Enjoy TV's finest picture, greatest eye comfort. Plus built-in antenna. Underwriters' approved. Choose from genuine mahogany veneered models. General Electric Co., Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

Model 12C107—12½" tube, genuine mahogany veneered console. Swivel casters.



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TELEVISION**



GENERAL  ELECTRIC

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Fight tooth decay and gum troubles Both!

Your mouth and breath are more wholesome — sweeter, cleaner — when you guard your teeth and gums *both* with famous Ipana and massage. No other dentifrice has proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums. For double protection, get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today!



NEW!

*Big economy size Ipana
saves you up to 23¢*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Healthier teeth, healthier gums... **IPANA** for Both!



The Fleetline De Luxe 2-Door Sedan

*FIRST...
and Finest...
at Lowest Cost!*



CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN



Coronet

Contents for April, 1950

VOL. 27, No. 6, WHOLE No. 162

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Change of Address: Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois, one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Illinois. Printed in United States. All undeliverable copies should be returned to above address. Entered as 2nd class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Subscription Rates:** \$3.00 per year in advance, \$5.00 for two years; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage.

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Coronet *Recommends...*



"TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH"

BECAUSE from the perspective of eight epochal years, 20th Century-Fox has told the wartime story of the incredible daylight bombings that paved the way for victory in Europe. An all-male cast headed by Gregory Peck re-creates those critical days when the enemy's control of the skies was first challenged—then wrested away. Spectacular War Department films of the bombing of Wilhelmshaven lend a final note of authenticity.



"RIDING HIGH"

BECAUSE Paramount has a winner in this tuneful comedy of a boy, a girl, and a horse. Bing Crosby plays the happy-go-lucky owner of a one-horse racing stable who would rather be with his thoroughbred, Broadway Bill, than with a horse-hating heiress. Coleen Gray is the heiress' young sister who thinks Bing can do no wrong. Together, they bring Broadway Bill home a winner and decide that they're meant for each other.



"KEY TO THE CITY"

BECAUSE Loretta Young and Clark Gable as small-town mayors at a San Francisco convention play this hectic, hilarious romance to the hilt. What happens when an uninhibited man of the people tries to lead the mayors on a good-time spree and runs into a determined, serious-minded female Harvard graduate—the only one in history—makes this M-G-M comedy an uproarious battle of the sexes—with the customary happy ending.

"Seen
that
a sal
savin
every
living
comin
"Y
May
I inve
I wa
more
afford
"I
tual
alway
about
"T
anoth
have
said.
good
"I
the s
mail



How we retired with \$200 a month

"Seems queer, but it was the crash of 1929 that showed Janet and me the one sure way a salaried man can retire. We had put our savings in investments. They crashed with everything else. Yet today we're retired and living in California, with a check for \$200 coming in each month.

"You see, I did some hard thinking then. Maybe I could save again. But how could I invest it? I had no training. What's more, I was forty-two. My working years were more than half over already. I couldn't afford to speculate.

"I'd been reading ads about Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plans for years. I'd always meant to write in and find out more about them. But I'd kept putting it off.

"Then, one afternoon, I happened to read another Phoenix Mutual ad. *You didn't have to have a lot of money in the bank*, it said. All you needed was fifteen or twenty good earning years ahead.

"I cut out the coupon at the bottom of the ad and mailed it in. Pretty soon my mail brought a booklet telling all about Re-

tirement Income Plans. It showed how I could get an income of \$200 a month, every month, starting when I hit sixty.

"Then and there, I decided . . . I'd let Phoenix do my investment worrying. As soon as I could, I applied for a Phoenix Mutual Plan.

"Eighteen years pass mighty fast. A while ago, I got my first Phoenix Mutual check and retired. Janet and I drove West. We've bought a little house in California and we're having the time of our lives—free from money worries."

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of \$100 to \$200 a month or more—starting at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't delay. Send for your copy now.

**PLAN FOR
MEN**

**PLAN FOR
WOMEN**

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
803 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name

Date of Birth

Business Address

Home Address



ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

GLAMOUR DISH

—Homemade—

FROM ERNEST, chef of New York's fabulous and expensive Le Café Chambord, comes this recipe for turn-

ing plain chicken into glamorous *poulet au vin blanc chasseur* in your kitchen—at a fraction of the Chambord's price.

2½ to 3 pound chicken
¼ pound sliced fresh mushrooms
2 peeled and diced tomatoes
2 finely chopped shallots

¼ pint dry white wine
¼ pound butter
Exceedingly small piece garlic
3 sprigs chopped parsley



Cut up the chicken and season it slightly with salt and pepper. Sauté slowly in butter for about ten minutes.



Add mushrooms, washed and dried, and shallots. Cover and cook slowly until the mushrooms are slightly golden.



Add tomatoes and garlic. Cover pan. When done, arrange chicken on a platter and add wine to sauce. Let it simmer.



Season the sauce to taste and pour it over the chicken. Sprinkle with freshly chopped parsley and serve very hot.

it's
MAGIC...
the way they
slim
the
leg
and catch the eye



...the way the EXTRA-DARK SEAMS AND HEELS
make these captivating sheers look sheerer.
"Magic," the...er...a...enticing stocking, comes in lengths
for short, medium or tall sirens. Like all Mojud stockings, it has
the hidden inch...extra give and resilience right in the knit!

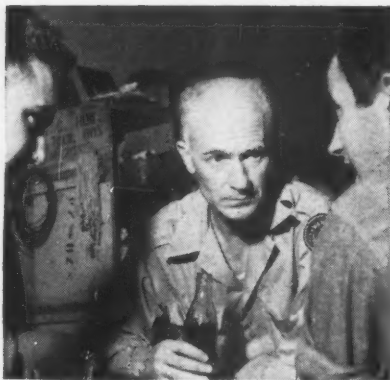
STOCKINGS BY

MOJUD

And for beauty above your hemline, there's LINGERIE by Mojud, too

© M. H. CO., INC., 1950

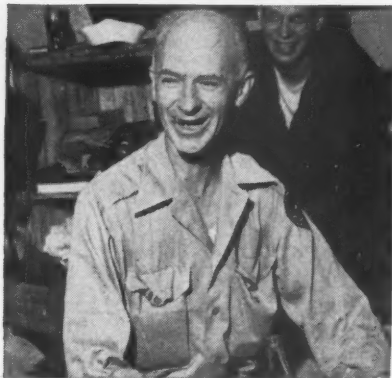
• At good stores everywhere.



"You can't play safe and do your job."



"I just cover the backwash of the war."



"You feel that you can't go on forever."

"I Have No Choice"

"I'VE PROMISED MYSELF and I promise you that if I come through this one, I will never go on another one."

So wrote Reporter Ernie Pyle to his wife on March 31, 1945, as he prepared to accompany American troops at the invasion of Okinawa. Few men could make such a promise with more justification. Ernie had known the African campaign at first hand. He had bunked with cold and frightened infantrymen on Italian beachheads, and listened to their talk between shellings on Normandy's hedgerows.

To 14,000,000 American readers, Ernie's column was a link with the boys over there, for his was no talk of grand strategy and high-level planning. It was the simple, earthy conversation of one who had lived with fear, cold and death, and who had come to know men who live and die miserably.

But there came a time when he knew that he could stand it no longer without respite. "My spirit is wobbly and my mind is confused," he wrote. So he came home to New Mexico and his beloved wife, Jerry, whom millions knew as "that girl."

In a few weeks, however, he felt again the almost-spiritual need to be no better off than the coldest, wettest, unhappiest infantryman. "I dread going back and I'd give anything if I didn't have to go," he said. "But I feel I have no choice." So he sailed with the Navy for Okinawa.

On a quiet April morning, when there was hardly any action to report in the Pacific area, Ernie Pyle was caught in a hail of Japanese machine-gun fire on the little island of Ie Jima. An infantry corporal carved a crude wooden plaque to express the mourning of his outfit—and of the world:

"At this spot the 77th Division lost a buddy—Ernie Pyle—18 April 1945."

Admiral

BEAUTIFUL NEW 1950 TELEVISION COMBINATION

WITH HUGE **19** INCH PICTURE TUBE



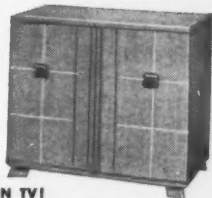
AMERICA'S SMART SET

\$695⁰⁰
MAHOGANY

WITH TRIPLE-PLAY PHONOGRAPH! FM-AM DYNAMAGIC RADIO! SUPERPOWERED TV CHASSIS! BUILT-IN ROTO-SCOPE ANTENNA!

The ultimate in complete home entertainment! Yes... television pictures clear as the movies on a huge 19" tube (over 200 square inches!) Easy to tune as a radio. First with triple-play automatic phonograph! Plays all records (33 $\frac{1}{2}$, 45, 78 rpm), all sizes with a single tone-arm, one needle, one spindle. FM-AM Dynamagic radio... never before so powerful, so compact. Luxurious mahogany cabinet with twin storage compartments... above for 7" records, below for 10" and 12" records.

Prices subject to change. Blonde cabinet slightly higher. Tax extra.



ON TV!

"Step the Music"—ABC-TV Network, Thurs.

"Lights Out"—NBC-TV Stations, Mondays



"I've been a newshound much too long not to recognize the scent of a scoop."



"Where Hollywood loves and marriages are concerned, nothing surprises me."



"After half a century on earth, I am still amazed by Louella O. Parsons."



"I have never been a backward girl wherever a good story is concerned."

Hollywood's Lolly

MAN WILL NOT have attained the ultimate in news dissemination until he can spread it faster than Louella O. Parsons, a plump, breathless lady of 56 who invariably is willing to share the latest word on the public and private lives of Hollywood's movie royalty.

Lolly, who has hundreds of "volunteer scouts" and three secretaries in the film capital, is said to look "about 20 minutes late for everything," which may be the result of producers' phone calls. Their favorite means of problem solution is to "give Lolly a ring."



"You'd probably lose all your money, too . . . if you didn't carry American Express Travelers Cheques!"

You can't lose when you carry American Express Travelers Cheques. If they are lost or stolen, you get a quick refund. And you can spend them *anywhere*. Just sign them when you buy them—and again when you spend them. No other identification is necessary because American Express Travelers Cheques are the most widely accepted cheques in the world.

Ask for American Express Travelers Cheques at BANKS, Railway Express, and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per \$100 . . . 40¢ for \$50 or less.

CONVENIENT AS CASH—100% SAFE

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

MOST WIDELY ACCEPTED CHEQUES IN THE WORLD!

Coronet's Family Shopper



MAKE IT A HAPPY Mother's Day with a monogrammed sterling-silver pin, inspired by a Greek urn. She can pack it with perfumed cotton or fill it with water to keep a rose fresh (item 19).



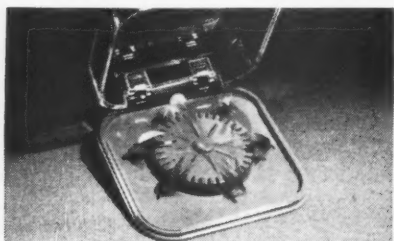
PAINT A CHAIR or wall with a dark color, then dip your brush in this amazing solution, and use the same brush for white paint, in 30 seconds. Saves brushes, time, energy (item 20).



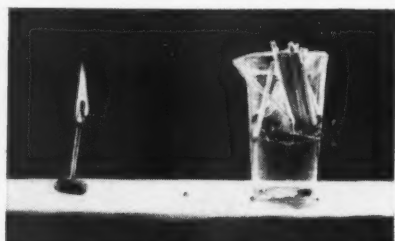
SLIPPERS in luxurious-looking satin-backed nylon can be washed with soap and water. In pastels with contrasting lining, they make any mother feel like a pampered princess (item 21).



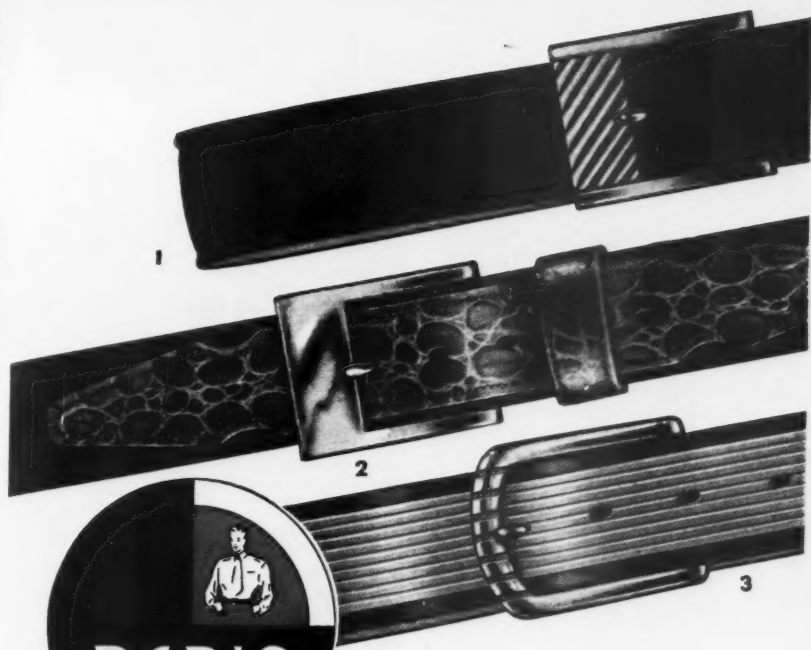
DOLLHOUSES, like real houses, need redecorating for the spring. This handy kit provides fresh wallpaper, tile, cement, paint, and a mixing pot for the skillful junior landlord (item 22).



MAGNETIC ATTRACTION holds 36 flies in place in this plastic box. Just a flick of the fisherman's finger brings the desired lure to the front, and the whole thing fits in a pocket (item 23).



STRIKE ONE of these treated matches even after it's been in water for as much as four hours, and it will still light. Perfect for hunters, campers, fishermen and damp-climate dwellers (item 24).



Superlative sueded leathers

"Paris"* designers, in collaboration with the finest leather craftsmen, have created the most beautiful Suede Belts ever to bear the famous "Paris" name—You'll enjoy wearing them.

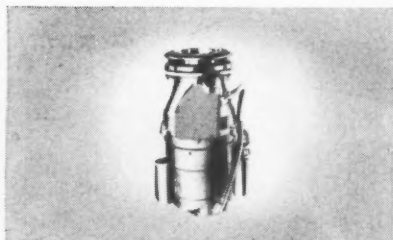
Illustrated—1. Finest quality sueded cowhide with top grain cowhide lining—bench made—offered in newest colors—\$2.50. 2. Unusual new style in a sueded belt, designed with beautiful, genuine Alligator trim. Highly polished gilt buckle—\$3.50. 3. Corduroy design—unique new treatment in sueded leathers. Smart color combinations and clever buckle in matching design—\$1.50.

See the "Paris" Belt styles at your favorite store—\$1.50 to \$10.

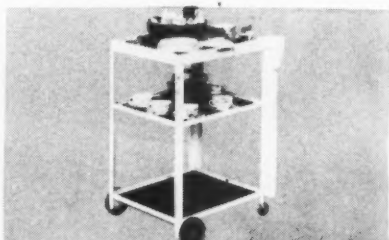
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—A Product of A. Stein & Company—Chicago

PARIS BELTS • SUSPENDERS • GARTERS

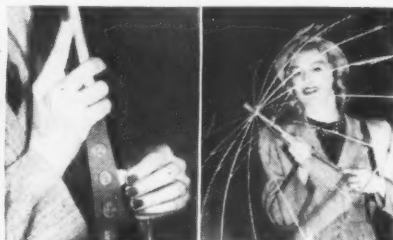
Coronet's Family Shopper



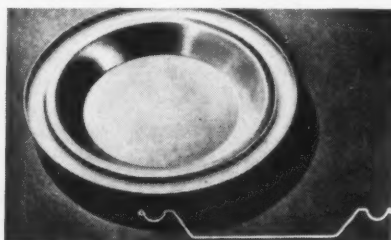
A SMALL GARBAGE-DISPOSAL unit which can be installed in almost any sink is one more aid to the housewife. No odors, no messy garbage pails, added storage space under the sink (item 25).



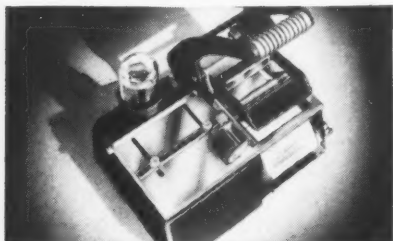
WHEEL FOOD AND DISHES quietly and effortlessly from kitchen to dining room or living room with this streamlined server. The top unit is a tray which can be lifted out conveniently (item 26).



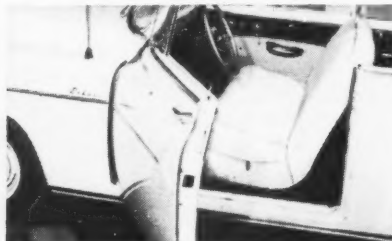
THE HANDLE of this transparent Vinylite umbrella holds nickels, dimes and pennies, ends fumbling for change on crowded busses. Traffic and puddle hazards are clearly visible (item 27).



SHE CAN BAKE a cherry pie that won't splatter the oven if she uses this non-drip aluminum pan. A groove catches liquid that might bubble over, making fruit pies an extra pleasure (item 28).



WITH THIS INEXPENSIVE addressing machine, small businesses, churches and clubs can mail announcements in quantity. It reproduces 20 addresses a minute, 500 fit on one tape (item 29).



AUTOMOBILE SEAT-COVERS, in nylon that you can wash and put back in place yourself in less than half an hour, are the answer to a driver's dream. Even ink and oil wash right out (item 30).

16 For answers to shopping queries—prices and where to buy—send 3 cents in stamps and return address to *Coronet's Family Shopper*, *Coronet Magazine*, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

RCA VICTOR Tel-Ensemble

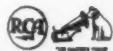


**America's favorite sport
America's favorite
television**



RCA VICTOR

Division of Radio Corp. of America



**WORLD LEADER IN RADIO
FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC
FIRST IN TELEVISION**

**De luxe, 12 1/2-inch Eye Witness
Television**

Pictures amazingly clear, even where television is hard to receive. The Tel-Ensemble comes as complete furniture. Beautiful matching legs enhance the setting and put the big pictures at comfortable viewing height. Has built-in antenna and a phono-jack to plug in the "45" automatic record changer attachment. AC. RCA Victor T120.

\$229⁹⁵

Plus \$1.25 Fed. tax
Factory-Service
Contract extra

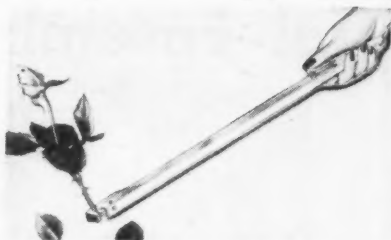
Ask your dealer about the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract which guarantees you Eye Witness performance.

Price shown is suggested list price and is subject to change without notice.

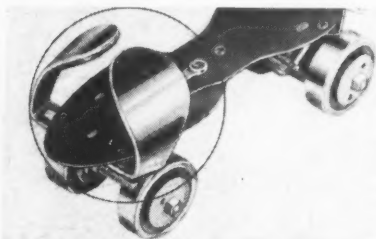
Coronet's Family Shopper



FILING CABINETS combine with a specially designed top to produce a double-duty, space-saving desk. In heavy-gauge steel, the desk keeps files and storage space right at hand (item 31).



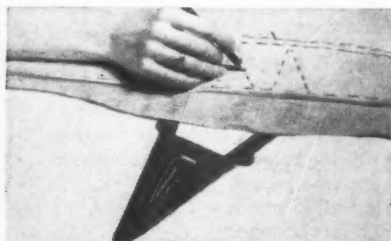
SNIP LILACS, forsythia and thorny roses with this aluminum long-handled knife. Then keep the flower gripped by the stem and bring it gently within reach of your posy basket (item 32).



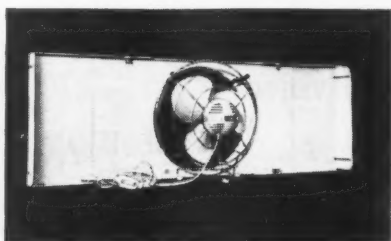
SKATE CLAMPS that virtually encircle the shoe can now be substituted for the usual kind. The new clamps prevent trips and falls, can even be worn with moccasins. Easy to install (item 33).



BABY'S FORMULA can be made in ten minutes with this pressure cooker which sterilizes nipples, bottles and formula, all at once. It can also be used for quick-cooking family foods (item 34).



MARK PLEATS, darts and perforations on both pieces of fabric at once with this handy pattern marker. It comes with colored transfers, pencils, makes sewing much simpler (item 35).

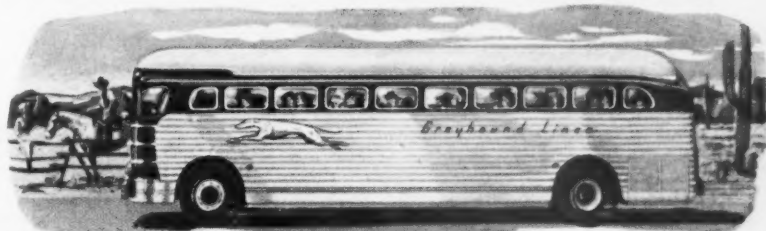


THIS KITCHEN ventilating-fan unit snaps into the window frame and is fastened with four wood screws. The fan itself is detachable and portable, making it ideal to use in apartments (item 36).

Best Ride Money can Buy*



Costs a Lot Less Money**



when you go GREYHOUND!

***Best Ride?** A bold claim—but we sincerely believe that Greyhound gives you *more relaxation* (in body-contoured easy chairs), *more mental ease* (behind highly-skilled drivers), and *greater scenic enjoyment* than any other travel way!

****Costs Less?** The easiest way to convince yourself is by calling the nearest Greyhound station—and comparing the fares with other transportation rates. See how you save up to a third or half of every dollar—often more—by Greyhound!

FREE! Full-Color Illustrated Map of U. S. A.



**A LOT MORE TRAVEL
FOR A LOT LESS MONEY**

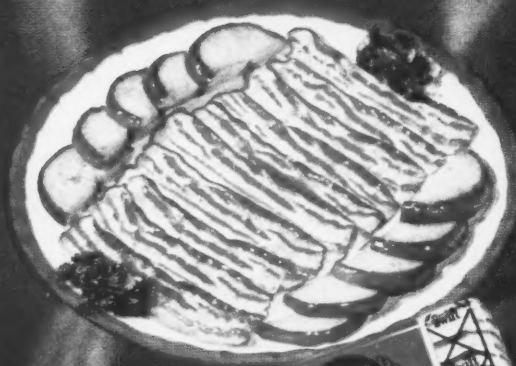
Mail this coupon to **America Celebrates, Box 821, Chicago 90, Ill.**, for Greyhound picture map showing America's famous festivals and special events. CT-4-50

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____

Only in Swift's Premium Bacon
—that wonderful, wonderful
sweet smoke taste!



These days you
can be choosy
—enjoy
America's
favorite Bacon!

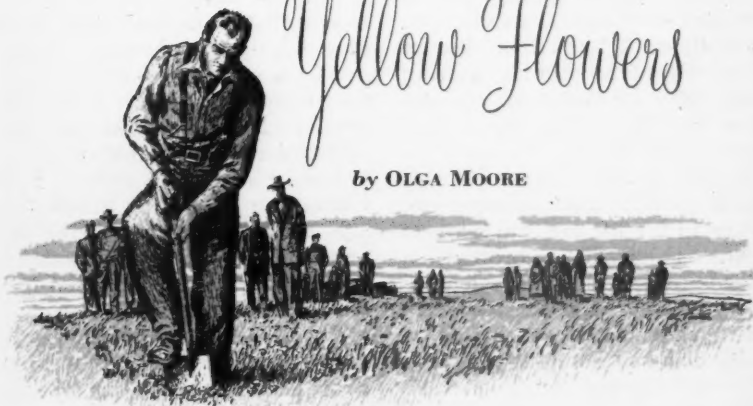


**Swift's
Premium
Bacon**



The Trail of the Yellow Flowers

by OLGA MOORE



DURING MY DAYS as a girl reporter, I landed a job on the *Post-Enterprise* in Sheridan, Wyoming, a town in the northern part of my home state, and not far from the Montana border.

One of my first assignments was to do a series of feature stories on "Old Sheridan"—the First House, the First School, the First Meeting. So I interviewed the Old-Timers, some of whom had ridden up from Texas with my pioneer father.

There was the Sheriff who had been a cowpuncher, the Banker who had been a round-up cook, the Lawyer who had been a penny-

ante dealer. And there was always Col. Dick Reed, whose past was so various that I never did know the whole of it. They petted me, teased me, and lied to me outrageously.

When I started gathering color for "The First Funeral," I found Colonel Dick, the Judge, and the Sheriff lounging on the courthouse lawn. "What facts can you invent about the First Funeral?" I asked. "I'm working on that now."

"I remember the first funeral mighty well," Colonel Dick said slowly, and there was none of the usual teasing in his voice. "I was a cocky kid freighter and was laid up

here at the trading post with a broken leg from getting too fresh with a mule. I remember one night a tired, gray-faced man rode up on a sore-footed horse. He slid from his saddle and said: 'Reckon anyone around here can build a coffin?'

"'Who's dead?' we asked.

"Well, we found it was a little girl, eight years old. Her folks were immigrants heading West, part of a big wagon train. It hit us all with a wallop—some of us hadn't *seen* a little girl for a year. Quite a crowd gathered—freighters, cowhands, even Indians. I helped lay her in the box—it was kind of like putting a doll away in tissue paper. She had on her best calico dress and a string of blue beads.

"It was a real simple funeral; none of us quite knew what to do. I never in my life saw anything so forlorn as her little brother, a freckled tow-headed kid, leadin' her pony away when it was over."

"I'm going to use that story!" I told Colonel Dick. "And God help you if it's not true!"

"But it is true!" he protested in a hurt tone, "and I can show you the place . . . Say, honey, it's a nice day for a drive . . ."

Fifty years make a lot of difference in a new country. The old trail the immigrants had followed was grass-grown in some places and washed out in others. We bounced across irrigating ditches, followed barbed-wire fences. A mowing machine whirled where once the creaking wagon trains had jolted to a stop.

But we found the sunny hillside, lavender with lupin. It sloped down to a little draw; plum trees and chokecherry bushes clung to this

streak and a few box-elder trees had taken root. There are a thousand such draws cleaving the deep-breasted hills. There was nothing to prove this was the right one—just an old man's memory of another summer day.

"I think this is it," he said. "Anyway, it'll give you the picture. The kid brother stood just where you're standing now, right by that patch of yellow flowers. I wonder whatever became of him? . . ."

The story had an unexpected success. Some of the state papers picked it up. People sent it to their relatives, old-timers who had gone out to the West Coast to die in a gentler clime. Some of the small dailies out there printed it. We began hearing from folks in Santa Clara, San Diego and Seattle.

Some found fault with the story and said it wasn't true. I thought so myself. I privately suspected Colonel Dick had made it all up.

But I had put everything into the story: the sunny hillside, the plum thicket, the small patch of sticky yellow flowers in the foreground, the little boy leading away his sister's riderless horse.

I was quite smug over the success of my story—until one day I received a letter from California. The writer had just read the story and had been deeply affected. "For," he remarked with simple drama, "I am the little brother."

He went on to say that the family had settled in California, and that the mother, a deeply religious woman, had died there. She had always grieved about leaving her little girl alone in an unmarked grave.

"We never dreamed the grave could be found," he said, "but now

that we know where it is—thanks to your story—I am coming to Sheridan to get her body. I want to place her next to Mother.”

I wrote him in terror and begged him not to come. I was ashamed of having written the story without authenticating it. But he came.

I was out of town at the time, but Colonel Dick and Mr. Eubank told me all about it. They made arrangements for a hearse and a proper coffin. Quite a cavalcade of cars bumped over the dim trail to the hillside, to witness the last act of a strange little drama.

The brother, who had grown into a tall, distinguished man, took a long look around when Colonel Dick gave the signal to stop. He marked the draw, the plum thicket, paced restlessly back and forth and stopped beside the patch of sticky yellow flowers.

“Dig here!” he said softly.

For a long time, it seemed, the crowd stood silent, while the undertaker’s men worked busily. Then there was an unbelieving gasp as they lifted out a brown, discolored box. The lid was pried off.

Colonel Dick and the brother knelt reverently and peered inside. Then the lid was put back and the little homemade box was placed in the larger coffin and lifted to the waiting car.

“It—it *was*?” I gasped incredulously when Colonel Dick described the scene.

He nodded. “There was the little string of blue beads.”

“But how could he know?” I asked in awe.

“You had it all in your story,” Mr. Eubank said. “When you mentioned that little patch of sticky yellow flowers—he knew. He’s lived in the West a long time, and he knew that flower grows only where the sod has been turned. A small, oblong patch could be a grave.”

I shuddered. “What morbid flowers!”

“Oh, I don’t know.” My old friend tamped his pipe. “Maybe not. Maybe they’re brave flowers. Growing where the light has been let into dark places. Maybe they show us that something new always grows, no matter what happens—that ashes are not the end.”



How Do They Do It?

A YOUNG MOTHER came to the door of the nursery and saw her husband, a lumber dealer, standing over the baby’s crib. Silently, she watched him as he stood looking down at the sleeping infant. In his face she read rapture, doubt, admiration, ecstasy, incredulity, wonder. Deeply

touched, with eyes glistening, she tiptoed to his side and put her arms around his neck. “A penny for your thoughts, darling,” she whispered. Startled into consciousness, he blurted: “For the life of me, I don’t see how they can make a crib like that for four bucks!”

—*Courier-Journal Magazine*



Should You Change Your Character?

by LESTER F. MILES, PH.D.

This article will help you determine whether you're an extrovert or an introvert

THE SUM TOTAL of your early childhood, education, experience and self-training mark you as an individual, different from anyone else in the human race—almost. I put that word “almost” at the end of the sentence because, for the great part, all men and women fall into two classifications:

The extroverted people of action as against the introverted people of thought; the extroverted practical-minded people as against the introverted dreamers; the extroverted individuals who express their emotions by living them as against the introverted individuals who try to repress their inner feelings.

All too frequently we work and worry so hard trying to understand why other people act as they do that we wind up believing there are an awful lot of queer humans in this world. For example, Jones and

Smith work in the same office. Their desks are side by side and they do the same type of work. One morning, Jones, who is typically introverted, arrives at his desk to find a paper containing a problem he has never faced before. He reads the paper again and again, but the more he reads it, the less he knows what to do.

Should he show the troublesome paper to Smith and ask him what it is all about?

“No!” Jones says to himself. “Smith will think I’m stupid.”

Jones looks around the office. How about asking Frank, or Joe, or Harry? No . . . he decides against that, too. The boss? That is out of the question. Why, he might be fired for not knowing what to do with this item!

So Jones puts it at the bottom of the pile and works on the things

Adapted from *It Pays to be Lazy* by Lester F. Miles
and published by Willard Funk, Inc., New York, N. Y.

he knows how to handle. But he can't concentrate because he can't forget that puzzling problem. When he goes to lunch, he wonders why the food isn't as tasty as usual. At home that evening, dinner doesn't seem to set well. He is cross with his wife, and that night he doesn't sleep soundly, either.

Jones may even go through this agonizing process for several days until he realizes that something has to be done about that paper. On the third morning, he asks his wife to call the office and explain that he is ill. In the back of his mind lies the hope that Smith will handle the problem, so that when he gets back to work he can resume his normal duties without anyone being the wiser.

Had Smith, a typical extrovert, been faced with the same problem, he would have gone straight to the boss. "You're the boss here," he would have said. "You know all the answers. What shall I do with this paper?"

The boss would have told him exactly what he wanted done, or he would have handled it himself. No discredit to Smith. In fact, with credit to Smith. In other words, Smith would think less of his own feelings and more of the work at hand. Jones thought only of himself and not about the importance of getting the job done.

To know other people well enough to predict their reactions to certain circumstances is the secret of better relationships. The following 12 items cover the main elements of human behavior as you are apt to experience it every day. Once you have learned these differences between extroverted and introverted

types of people, you will find yourself able to deal satisfactorily with a much wider range of individuals.

The Introvert Vs. the Extrovert

A. Don't try feminine wiles or masculine charm on introverted people. Introverts keep their sex interests concealed and often give the impression they have little interest in the opposite sex, as compared to the heart affairs of the extroverted type. Most confirmed bachelors and spinsters (by choice) are typically introverted.

B. Shy wallflowers who continually seek reasons for turning down invitations to social affairs are introverts. However, a lot of coaxing usually brings them around. You can always tell the extrovert—he's the one who organizes parties for no other reason than the fact that he likes being with people.

C. If you have a friend who has just purchased a new car, and you suspect he may be introverted, don't get into it with mud on your shoes or strike a match on the fender. If you do, he will probably hate you for life. Introverts are exceptionally careful about their possessions. The extrovert, on the other hand, will lend you his new car without a second thought.

D. The introvert worries over everything, constantly anticipating trouble, while the extrovert frets only when common sense tells him that he has something tangible to worry about.

E. Introverts are very frank and outspoken. They will lay their cards on the table without regard for your feelings, even though they are terribly sensitive about their own. The extrovert, while insults will usually

roll off his back, is particularly careful not to hurt your feelings, and usually does everything in his power to please you.

F. You can usually treat excellent students, research men or anyone who is happy working alone with all the care and tact you should exercise in dealing with introverts. But you can be a good fellow and expect snap decisions from salesmen, publicity men and people who fit in best where teams or groups work together, for they are invariably extroverted.

G. Never order an introvert to do anything if you want it done willingly. Suggest, ask, and suggest some more. The extrovert, on the other hand, doesn't mind taking orders directly.

H. Large corporations love to have introverts working for them, because such people thrive on titles, mention in the company journal, and pats on the back. The extrovert wants incentive pay, a bonus, or a commission. Praise is wasted on him, even though he likes it, because he will work just as hard without it.

I. Introverts select their friends and close associates with great care. They seldom develop confidential relationships with people whom they consider too superior to themselves—a clever device by which they are careful to select those they can more readily lead. The extrovert, on the contrary, will talk to anyone—and accept anyone as a friend.

J. Introverts are poor losers. They have a way of making you feel uncomfortable if you win. The extrovert is just the opposite: he will laugh off his own disappointment, keep right on playing, and

swear he will beat you next time.

K. Introverts invariably argue—a protective device whereby they tend to defend themselves and their opinions. Always be sure to let the introvert save his face, for he is very Oriental in situations like this. The extrovert loves discussions—loves to put his ideas over. But he will give in to your argument readily when it is better than his.

L. Finally, introverts become fussed easily. They appear embarrassed and blush readily, but don't let this fool you. Many introverts are extremely self-confident and have a terrific drive to succeed. Extroverts always radiate easy confidence, even when they are not altogether sure that they are handling their jobs properly.

OF COURSE, NOT EVERYONE is entirely introverted or extroverted. Yet most people have more tendencies one way than the other.

We all know someone who is well liked by all and seems to have the natural gift of an elastic personality, which adjusts to any other type that may present itself. You can consciously do this, too—until it becomes a habit. And here are some added tips—a condensed list of *introverted* behavior patterns. Just remember that extroverted behavior is almost opposite.

1. Reports better in writing than orally. Ask him to send you a note or write a report, rather than request long spoken explanations.

2. Poor lender or borrower. Don't ask for his things if you can help it.

3. Reluctant about close associations with the opposite sex. Don't try matchmaking.

4. Not a natural entertainer. Ask

him to play or sing if you must, but don't coax too long.

5. Don't tell him not to worry. He can't help it. Sympathize on the magnitude of his problems, even if they look small to you. It makes him feel important.

6. Suspicious always. Use logical explanations and don't forget to give details. He won't stand for any glossing over.

7. Don't watch him at work or look over his shoulder. And don't put a snooping boss over him—they won't get along.

8. Fussy. Rewrites letters and reports to the last detail. Exasperatingly slow about selecting meals, clothes, and so on. Exercise lots of patience with him.

PEOPLE FREQUENTLY ask me if I think introverts should try making themselves over into extroverts, since the latter seemingly get much more fun out of life. At best, the

introvert needs to put himself out only a little to become agreeable. I certainly wouldn't suggest that he should try to change his basic personality; as a matter of fact, I know this to be almost impossible. Besides, most introverts can't understand why extroverts call their kind of living "fun."

Both types have their advantages. Look at the business world. Except in a one-man business, it is almost always true that introverts handle the details of research, engineering, manufacturing, production, accounting and administration, while the extroverts exploit, sell, publicize and distribute.

There are plenty of flaws in either type, but the really important thing is that you will find in this article a clue to better relations with your fellow humans, for they are the ones who are going to play a big part in any success you achieve in social and business life.



Baby Talk

BECAUSE BOTH ARE ardent dog fanciers, a certain young couple has always had a home overrun with canines, and when the young folks had a baby everybody wondered how the infant would get along with all the four-footed pets.

Meeting the mother on the street the other afternoon, I asked, "Does the baby talk yet?"

"No," she said, "but he's learning to bark."

—ELEANOR CLARAGE

RESEARCH DISCLOSES that the expectant father walks five miles in the maternity hospital while waiting for the news. He smokes 63 cigarettes or 14 cigars, goes out for coffee five times, anxiously asks, "Any news yet?" 23 times, and calls his mother-in-law on the phone seven times.

—FRANCES RODMAN



Teaching the Deaf to Live Anew

by MILTON and MILDRED LEHMAN

At Gallaudet College, handicapped students learn to meet the world on equal terms

OUTSIDE THE CAMPUS of Gallaudet College in Washington, D. C., a streetcar grinds noisily down Florida Avenue; a policeman shrills at a jaywalker; and in a used-car lot near-by, a salesman demonstrates the merits of an old jalopy by lustily honking its horn. To the students on the Gallaudet campus, however, the scene is like an old silent movie, alive with action but empty of sound.

For Gallaudet is the only college for the deaf in the world, its student body of 200 being chosen from thousands of young Americans who were born deaf or stricken deaf by disease. Founded 86 years ago by an Act of Congress and supported by Federal funds, Gallaudet today challenges the ancient notion that

the deaf are helpless in a world of sound. "We believe," says Dr. Irving S. Fufeld, dean of the college, "that the deaf can meet the world on equal terms."

Recently, a French educator was astounded when a student called for him at Union Station and drove him to the campus through heavy traffic. Reporting uneasily to the college president, the Frenchman observed that in France the deaf are not permitted to drive. "But the boy has no fear," he added. "It is most unusual."

"At Gallaudet," the president observed, "only fear is unusual."

Gallaudet students look like undergraduates on any campus. Before class begins, they gather in College Hall, talking casually with

their hands, making dates and jokes and going over their homework in sign language. When classes are over, they turn out for college activities—sports, the school newspaper, the dramatic club. On Saturdays in season, Gallaudet's football team competes with rival colleges while the cheering section stomps its feet, making the grandstands vibrate for victory.

In the classroom, the students of Gallaudet are offered special facilities to prepare them for life in a hearing world. Bill Simpson of Seattle, who has been deaf since childhood, is an expert lip reader. He spent his freshman year at the University of Washington, but found it exhausting to lip-read his history lectures because the professor kept turning his head. In sociology, the task was almost impossible, for the instructor spoke over a loud-speaker system.

"Of course it's much easier at Gallaudet," says Bill, "because the school is run for our sake. It won't be as easy in the outside world, but we'll know how to manage."

Back in Parkersburg, West Virginia, Gail Stout played clarinet in the high-school band and sang with the glee club. He had just won a scholarship to a summer musical colony when meningitis struck.

"It was two or three weeks before I knew I was deaf," Gail remembers. "My head was full of strange noises—like the sound of waterfalls and ringing bells. I tried to sing, but couldn't."

Today, Gail, a handsome senior, plans to become an engineer when he leaves Gallaudet. "We know what it's like to be stared at when we use sign language, what pity

looks like, what it is to discover you can't hear," he remarks. "But we'll make a go of it."

America's system of education for the deaf, unmatched anywhere in the world, grew out of the interest of a kindly Connecticut minister named Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet in a deaf child who had lost her hearing through an attack of spotted fever. Nowhere in this country was there any help for such victims, who were called "deaf and dumb" and considered charges of the state.

Gallaudet, deeply moved by the child's helplessness, sailed for Europe in 1815 to study the latest methods for educating the deaf. In France he learned sign language, which was then being taught experimentally, and after months of study returned to Hartford and in 1817 opened the nation's first free school for the deaf.

Named for him, Gallaudet College was founded by his son, Edward Miner Gallaudet. The younger Gallaudet, trained by his father, launched a campaign for a Federal college for the deaf, eventually fighting the measure through Congress. On April 8, 1864, the act was signed by President Lincoln.

Today, Gallaudet's students, trained in state-supported grade and high schools for the deaf, come from every part of the country. Because the college's budget and space are limited, it accepts only 60 new students each year from the 150 who take stiff entrance examinations. More than half of those admitted are granted Congressional scholarships in full or partial payment of their tuition. Many of the students, coming from average working families, must take

summer jobs to support themselves during the school year.

Except for the classes in speech and sign language, the curriculum is much like that of any small college. The emphasis is on a good liberal-arts course as education for living. But Gallaudet recognizes that deafness sometimes brings compensation in manual and visual skills. Its chemistry and physics classes are always filled, its printing shop and art classes are crowded by eager students who may become linotypers, commercial artists or laboratory workers.

Gallaudet employs sign language as well as oral speech and lip reading in the classroom, taking the position that signs for the deaf are an easy, workable means for acquiring a college education.

"Our job," says President Leonard M. Elstad, "is to get the material across to the students any way we can. Oral speech and lip reading require the highest skill, and some of our youngsters are experts. But others are not. So we must use every means at hand, whether speech, or signs, or writing on the blackboard."

The language of signs which Thomas Gallaudet brought back from France is the most international language in the world. In signs, one uses symbols rather than words for meanings, and the symbols have no national barriers.

In Dr. Powrie V. Doctor's sociology class, for instance, the students discuss democracy in the United States as compared with social systems abroad. For each country, Doctor uses the accepted international symbol. He holds his hand to his hip for Russia, symbol of the

Russian dance. For Germany, he holds one spread hand over the other, hooking his thumbs—the double eagle. To say England, he shakes hands with himself—the symbol of the British Empire. For the United States, he interlocks the spread fingers of both hands, making a rail fence.

In addressing classes, the instructor uses speech and signs simultaneously. The students sit in a semicircle, watching his lips and hands. Because the students must "see" the lecture to grasp it, the concentration in the classroom is a professor's dream. Whenever attention does wander, he merely stamps his foot on the floor, vibrating the class back to attention.

THE COLLEGE SPIRIT at Gallaudet is scarcely equaled on any other campus. In sign language, the student clasps his hand over his heart, meaning "love," and raises one palm over the other, meaning "place of higher education"—or "Gallaudet."

The college day begins at 6:30 when the main light switch is turned on, arousing the students with the bright lights in each dormitory room. For fire drills, the signal is given by flickering the lights.

Before lights out, the students gather in dormitory rooms for bull sessions—talking of politics, football and love. Each dormitory room is equipped with the Gallaudet door knocker, a Rube Goldberg device. When the knocker is pulled from the outside, it releases a weight which falls on the floor inside the room. The occupant feels the vibration and opens the door.

Most students have developed

this sense of vibration to a high degree. This is particularly evident at their dances. Whether the orchestra plays sweet and slow or jitterbug, the students keep perfect time, feeling the floor vibrate to trumpet, saxophone and piano.

The college, seeking a working substitute for singing, has organized a glee club which "sings" its numbers with rhythmic signs, swaying in accompaniment to the unheard music. Developing expert skills in pantomime, the students have also produced plays, ranging from the classics to modern hits.

Probably no professors anywhere are prouder of their students than the faculty of Gallaudet. Dr. Elizabeth Peet, dean of women and professor of modern languages, has been at Gallaudet for 50 years. White-haired and dynamic, she is a world authority on sign language. There has been a Peet "in the work," as she calls it, since 1822.

Last May, the Class of '49 gathered in chapel for Commencement

exercises. Don Bradford of El Paso, Texas, football captain, planned to coach at the New Mexico State School for the Deaf. Blonde Elodie Berg from California had both a fiancé and a home-economics teaching post awaiting her in New Mexico. Robert Nathan was returning to Illinois to work as a chemist.

While the Commencement orators, speaking in signs, told the perennial tale of a new graduate's hopes and dreams, many old graduates were on hand to give assurance that they were possible.

A few years ago, Cadwallader Washburn, the college's second-oldest alumnus, came back for his 58th reunion. Artist, etcher and world traveler, the tall and stately Washburn, then approaching 80, stood before the students and said with signs and spoken words: "Gallaudet will teach you many things. But above all, it will teach you that the strange world outside is really an ordinary world—and that you can live in it!"



Builder, Beware

EXCEPT for a small leak in the basement, a housewife in Trenton, N. J., was highly satisfied with her newly built house. But when the leak converted her cellar into a shallow pool she complained to the builder. This, however, brought no response. Nor did repeated phone calls, and the woman's temper rose with the water. Finally, taking as her in-

spiration the lengthy drought her section was enduring, she erected a large sign on her front lawn. It read:

WATER SHORTAGE???

Not Here!

Our cellar is full of it.
This house was built by
Blank Construction Co.

Within a few hours the leak was satisfactorily repaired.

—WILLIAM DWYER

CARS THAT

Turning autos into citadels is the unique job of a little-known Detroit company

by J. D. RATCLIFF

MOST BUSINESS FIRMS proclaim their existence with neon signs, advertising, radio programs. The Detroit Wolverine Manufacturing Company is a notable exception. Its red-brick building on a quiet residential street in suburban Detroit has no identifying signs or name plates. Even the address—19417 Derby Avenue—looks as if it was painted on as an afterthought.

Yet a partial list of people who have used the company's products indicates that its name gets around. A few of them are Joseph Stalin, the Maharajah of Jodhpur, Franklin D. Roosevelt, George VI of Great Britain.

Wolverine's business is armoring automobiles—so they can stand assault from Tommy guns, hand grenades, homemade bombs, high-powered rifles, and other assorted forms of sudden death.

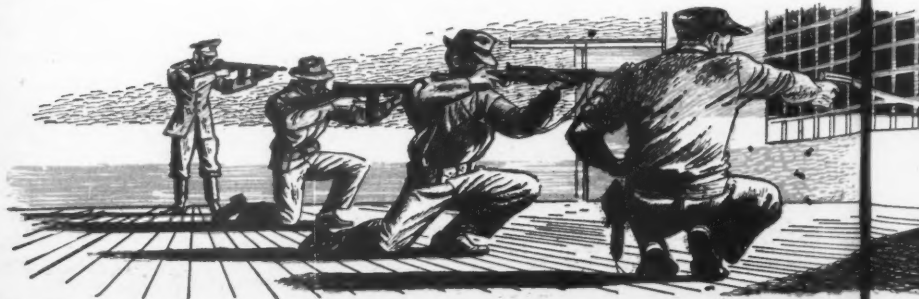
The company's customers fall into two classes. The first is composed of those who expect to be shot at. In this group are police, Latin-American dictators and other

high officials who know the world is full of lunatics willing to swap lives with them.

The second group includes those who *have* been shot at. Walter Reuther, head of the United Automobile Workers union, is an example. He procured his armored Packard *after* a would-be assassin sent a spray of shotgun fire into his home in 1948.

One of the company's most interesting jobs came from a man who—from outward appearances, at least—has all the protection he needs: Stalin. After preliminary inquiries from the Soviet Embassy in Washington, a Russian colonel showed up at the plant one day. He unpacked .38 and .45 automatics and a generous supply of ammunition from his brief case, explaining that he had been delegated to test all materials which went into the car.

Wolverine's armory includes rifles, shotguns, pistols, machine guns and a small-caliber antiaircraft gun, but the Russian wanted all armor plate and glass used in



ILLUSTRATED BY FRED FREEMAN

T FOOL KILLERS

the car fired at with *his* guns. The .45 barely dented the steel plate.

Plant men suggested that if he wanted a really severe test, the firing be done with a .357 Magnum, most powerful pistol ever made. The Russian agreed and this gun drove a deep dent into the steel, but didn't pierce it.

At this point the Colonel appeared to be more interested in the pistol than the car. Could he buy such a gun, or perhaps borrow this one? The answer was a polite no. The Magnum is a restricted weapon.

Detroit Wolverine offers a selection of armor. A "partial" job is often done for police cars. This includes front-end protection: a heavy windshield, and a protected grille and dash. A "semi" armoring job includes the front half of the car; a "complete," the entire car. For a complete job, "green" steel plates are cut to fit the sides, top and bottom of the car, and heat-treated to make them super-hard.

Chrome steel disks go over wheels to protect brakes, and high-carbon steel mesh behind the grille to protect the radiator. Self-sealing tubes

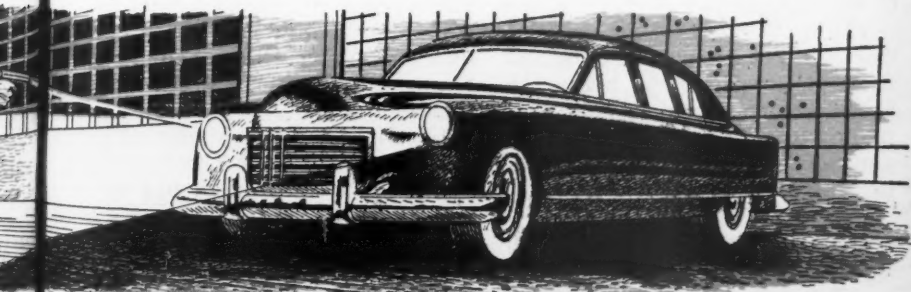
are used in tires, and heavy armor over the gas tank. Outwardly, the car looks like any stock job, except that the glass has a faint green-yellow tinge.

The thickness of steel used is determined by the type of protection the client wants. Plate 3/16ths of an inch thick will turn away bullets from a .45 pistol or Tommy gun. Bulletproof glass 1 and 1/8th inches thick will do the same.

If the customer is really nervous and wants a traveling pillbox, he will get glass 2 1/4 inches thick, and armor plate 1/4 inch thick. Shells from a high-powered rifle will bounce off this tough hide. Grenades and the usual homemade bomb will scarcely scratch it.

THE MEN AT THE HEAD of Detroit Wolverine are Carroll M. Smart and his brother, Whitney. Both were born in Port Huron, Michigan, and raised in Highland Park—a "suburb" completely surrounded by Detroit.

Carroll started this unique business in the early '30s when the gangster era reached fullest bloom



and police were generally regarded as fair targets by any hoodlum. Setting to work in the basement of his home, he decided to see what kind of protection he could provide for police cars.

First, he decided, the cars should have "bullet-resisting" (he prefers this to "bulletproof") windshields. Next, he felt it would be a good idea if cops could shoot back at gangsters without leaning outside the car and exposing themselves. So he invented a ball-and-socket gun port which could be fitted into windshields. An armored dashboard came next, then a carbon steel mesh to protect radiators.

Smart's first complete job was for a man who, like Walter Reuther, *had* been shot at. In June, 1935, a would-be assassin made an attempt on the life of Gabriel Terra, dictator of Uruguay, and Terra sent a hurry-up order to Smart.

After his initial successes, Smart decided to display his product at the world's top auto show—the Paris Salon. In 1936, he completely armored a Chrysler Imperial and shipped it to Europe. For good measure, he armored two extra doors and peppered them with machine-gun slugs to show that bullets wouldn't penetrate.

The Paris press seethed with Gallic indignation at the "gangster" car's invasion of the peaceful Continent. The publicity helped make the machine the hit of the Salon. People were particularly attracted to gun ports in windshield and door windows. They thought they were a new-type ventilator.

"In a way, they were," says Carroll Smart, "but they were for ventilating potential assassins."

Scotland Yard bought the car, tested it, and eventually added it to other cars in the Royal garage.

Until Pearl Harbor, Presidents of the United States never had armored cars. But after the Jap attack, Smart was handed the job of armoring a 1939 Packard phaeton which belonged to the White House. It was his toughest job.

The worst part was devising a method of giving instant protection to an open car. Smart designed and built pop-up windows, and a pop-up steel shield back of the rear seat. Activated by powerful springs, the windows could be operated by a push-button on the dash, and by two others on the rear of the car beside the small platforms where Secret Service men ride.

When Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands visited this country in 1942, Franklin Roosevelt played a joke on her. While driving with her one day, the President tipped a Secret Service man to push the dash button. Windows and steel screen shot up, and the Queen was nearly scared out of her wits.

THE DEMAND FOR armored cars in any particular country is a pretty good indication of that country's political pulse. If things are unsettled, the demand is good. If things are quiet, business dries up. Thus, Switzerland has yet to produce a customer; China, India, and South America have produced a steady stream.

Certainly the best-known of all armored cars is the Mercedes once owned by Hitler, which has been on display in various parts of the U. S. Smart has examined the car and is pretty scornful about it, be-

cause it has a number of vulnerable spots, the worst being the glass. Since it is only $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick, it would never stop a bullet from an army rifle. A soldier might have popped Hitler at any time—and possibly saved the world a great deal of unpleasantness.

The Smarts are similarly contemptuous of most of the so-called gangster cars. For the most part, they were poorly done jobs—"blacksmith jobs," Smart calls them. In a back-alley garage, a mechanic would fasten a few soft steel plates around the inside of the car, and that was about all.

While no gangsters have made calls on the Smarts in person, they do make mail inquiries from time to time. Smart has a routine way of handling such queries. He informs the potential customer that he must have a letter from the local law-enforcement agency, saying that an armored car is needed. He adds that the FBI will be informed that the work is under way, and also informed when the job is delivered.

This usually settles the matter.

Costs of armored cars are largely determined by the car itself. The usual range is \$8,000 to \$13,000 for the complete job, including the car. Partial armoring for police cars costs far less. A bullet-resisting windshield for a scout car figures at \$250, an armored dash at \$125, a radiator mesh at \$57.50, and a windshield gun port at \$45.

Occasionally, people complain about the costs of protective armor. Carroll Smart is thoroughly practical about this matter. At a demonstration put on for Chicago police, he sprayed a windshield with machine-gun fire. The glass was chipped, but not perforated.

A police officer complained: "You can't see through that thing."

Smart replied: "You couldn't see through it if it were standard glass, either. You'd be dead."

While he doesn't exactly sigh for the good old gangster days, Carroll Smart does admit one thing. "We'll never have another salesman like John Dillinger," he says.

California Quivers



A N EASTERNER was visiting a friend in California. During the course of a conversation the subject of earthquakes came up, and the Californian explained that quakes occurred from time to time in the state. No sooner had the statement been made than a sharp but short quake occurred.

"Really," said the Easterner, getting up from the floor, "it's not necessary to demonstrate!"

DURING A CALIFORNIA earthquake a native son was heard to remark, "There's another after-shock from one of those quakes they're always having up in Washington!"

—VERNON H. KURTZ



The Coin of Faith

by JAMES PATRICK

Destiny sometimes is shaped by little things—as little, even, as a 25-cent piece

IT WAS THE AUTUMN of 1934. Like hundreds of other jobless men, I had drifted to New York from the Midwest, hoping that somewhere in the vast city there would be a place for me.

My father, my two younger brothers and I had all worked together in the power-tool factory that dominated the economy of our small town. One by one, we had been laid off, until it seemed easier to leave home than to stay, praying for the Depression to end.

During my first few days in the

city, my hopes ran high. With my experience as a machinist, I was certain I could find a berth. But as the weeks passed, my step and manner began to take on the hesitation of the transients who drifted everywhere in the streets.

Swiftly, my small capital dwindled. I pawned my few possessions, and finally left my dingy rooming house to sleep on the benches of Union Square. Desperate, I hoarded every cent, eating less and less each day. I haunted the employment offices, ready to do

any kind of work—but there was no work to be had.

Finally I awakened one morning with my pockets empty. It was Sunday, a brisk, icy-blue day in November. I sat in the park for perhaps an hour, trying to think. Then I began to walk.

Giddy and lightheaded, I walked west to the docks along the Hudson River, expecting nothing, yet driven to continue my urgent search. The docks were shut down, as I had known they would be. I sat on the end of an abandoned pier, gazing across the river to New Jersey.

I thought of all the millions of acres of land that lay beyond that misty shore line. I thought of farmers milking cows and seeding winter wheat. I imagined families gathered at tables in warm kitchens. I could see the whole restless, rich heartland of America. I wanted to hold out my hands to it, but all the things I dreamed of seemed to lie beyond the river, beyond my farthest reach.

Impatiently, I began to walk again, and soon found myself wandering through the teeming lower East Side. The streets were crowded. Pushcarts stood at every curb, laden with apples, bananas, oranges—all the fruits of the land I had visualized at the river's edge. The tiny stores that crowded shoulder to shoulder along the narrow streets had tumbled their wares out onto sidewalk stalls.

Fish, pickles, sausage and cheeses made the air heavy with their rich aromas. It had been hours since I had eaten. Dully, I stared at the food that lay on every side. Yet, like the land beyond the shore, I could not touch it. I was still too

ashamed to beg, too proud to steal.

People jostled through the streets, haggling, shoving against one another and against me. Many foreign tongues cast their sharp accents above the clamor. Polish, Italian, Yiddish, Russian—all clashed incomprehensibly in my ears.

I searched the faces as they passed. They seemed closed, distrustful. No one smiled. An old woman abused a fish vendor over a pitifully small purchase. A man jabbed me with his elbow and went on without apology. Grimy children with stony, grown-up faces loitered along the curbs.

I don't know how long I walked. It must have been past noon when I turned into a quiet block of shabby brownstone houses. There I noticed a small crowd leaving a simple brick building on the opposite side of the street. A cross was cut in the stone above the doorway.

Thinking that there, at least, I might rest a while, I waited until the last stragglers had gone. Then I entered the church and found a seat near the rear. The rows of empty pews seemed to stare back at me, while, at a small organ to one side of the simple altar, a woman sat playing.

I blew on my hands and listened. As the warmth and the music seeped through me, I began to realize how strange it was, how terrible, to be here in church, listening to hymns I had known since childhood, and yet to be so many hundreds of miles from home.

The organist seemed oblivious to my presence. She played with the complete absorption of one who loves music and finds in it a deep meaning and satisfaction. Feeling

almost like an intruder there, I arose to leave.

As I turned toward the door, the music swelled on, unbroken, seeming to summon me back. I hesitated, and in my hesitation I noticed the card, tacked beside the door. It read:

If Thou Art In Need—Take,
For The Lord Is Thy Father And
Provider.

If Thou Hast—Give,
For Thy Brother Is In Need.

Beneath the card was a wall bracket that held a saucer. In it lay a number of coins—little more than a dollar in silver and pennies. I stood transfixed, unable to move, as though my feet were nailed to the floor. My hands began to tremble. I could take everything in the saucer and vanish, and no one would ever know.

The sound of the music called me back with a start. Slowly I turned my eyes toward the altar. The woman at the organ was watching, although her hands still ran lightly over the keys. A deep sense of shame welled up in me as I stood there, like a thief discovered in his crime.

Then, as I was about to run from the building, she smiled and nodded. In her brief sad smile there was something far beyond mere faith.

Her smile was a benediction. With a steady hand, I took a single quarter from the dish and walked quietly through the doorway.

I returned to the crowded streets I had left, my stride quickening, my breath coming deep and strong. I did not dare to question, even in my own mind, the miracle of the coin that lay like a radiance in my pocket.

As I walked, the faces that had seemed cold and alien now were friendly and smiling. I heard the babble of strange tongues, and there was music in them. An elderly woman with a child clinging to her skirts argued fiercely with an Italian peddler—yet I knew it was a ritual they both enjoyed.

I heard laughter, rich and full. It was no longer a grubby, down-at-the-heels street, but a modern Babylon, filled with the color and excitement of the many lands that had fused to become one nation.

I took the quarter from my pocket and held it in my palm. It glittered like a disk of light, reflecting the November sun. And in that moment, I knew that whatever the years might bring, however successful I might become, that one coin which I had borrowed, and the faith it had restored to me, could never be repaid.

Proof Positive

"GRANDMOTHER," asked the teen-age girl, "when were you and Grandfather POSITIVELY sure you loved each other?"

• "Well," sighed the dear little



old lady, "I guess it was about six years after we got married—when John sold a team of horses so he could buy me a fur coat for Christmas."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

Circus Master of the Big Cats



by RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.

Damoo Dhotre, America's top animal trainer, subdues jungle beasts with kindness

FROM THE SIX-FOOT PLATFORM, a deadly paw swept down in a lightning flash of sleek yellow fur. Its unsuspecting target was a stocky young man in evening clothes who was armed only with a whip and a short stick. As spectators screamed, the huge leopard's needle-sharp claws sank into the man's shoulder.

Acting with experience-whetted instinct, the man lifted his feet from the floor and hung from the animal's paw while the circus audience watched, hypnotized. Then, with a ripping sound, the padded shoulder of the man's coat tore loose and he dropped to the ground.

Quickly he turned to face the big cat. Brandishing his whip admon-

ishingly, Damoo Dhotre scolded his snarling pupil. "You bad child," he said sternly, "don't you know better than to attack your old friend? Now, behave yourself!"

When the animal trainer left the barred cage to the applause of the circus-goers who had almost witnessed his death, he made two resolutions: never be overconfident and never again wear heavy clothing.

The first resolution stems from Damoo's conviction that any mistakes by his jungle charges are the trainer's fault; the second, from an intimate knowledge of wild beasts. An animal attacks its enemies, Damoo knows, with one paw at a time. That paw pulls the quarry toward

the beast, while the other waits to encircle the victim. So—the secret is to keep that first paw outstretched. If the material of the trainer's garments is strong and does not tear, there is no hope for him.

Damoo's inside information on the habits and mental processes of big cats comes from long experience. At 47, Damoo Dhotre is America's top animal trainer. As a high-salaried star of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus, Damoo demonstrates each summer before awed spectators the dangerous art he has been practicing since he was ten.

In his native country, India, animal training has long been an honorable profession. Damoo was one spangle-struck boy who actually followed storybook tradition and ran away from home to join the circus. Fortunately, and coincidentally, the circus belonged to an uncle, so there was only token opposition from his parents.

One morning, Damoo ventured into a cage in the deserted main tent. Inside was an old lioness with whom he had made friends. When he tried to arouse the senile beast with taps from a bamboo pole, the lioness suddenly let out a roar and leapt at Damoo.

Damoo fled from the cage and scrambled to the top of a high platform. His uncle, called to the tent by excited attendants, took in the scene at a glance. There was the lioness, by now snoozing peacefully again, the open door of the cage—and Damoo, crouched fearfully on his precarious roost.

"If you want to be an animal trainer," the circus owner called to the boy, "then do it the right way."

Thus Damoo was catapulted into his career. Next day the circus' animal trainer began to instruct him in the wiles and ways of the jungle kingdom. When he was 14, Damoo was performing in the cage. By the time he reached 17, he had become a veteran animal trainer.

DAMOO CAME TO THE U.S. just before World War II and now presides over one of Ringling's featured wild-animal acts — billed as "Graduation Day in the Jungle." When the spotlight from the tent-top illuminates the circle of 15-foot-high iron-linked meshwork, he unfastens two clamps on the door and steps confidently into the cage. Dressed in a white turban and baggy spangled trousers, his upper body bare except for a bright-colored bolero jacket, Damoo carries no gun or weapon of any kind. His sole protection is a whip and a stick tipped with a rubber plug.

As the smiling Hindu stands there casually, a barred door at one end of the cage is raised and out walks the strangest student body any professor ever taught. First, muscles rippling beneath her spotted coat, comes Sonia. She is followed by Champion, Tabou, Poupette and Eacloo. They look like overgrown cats, but all are snarling leopards.

A soft word of command, and each animal climbs atop its pedestal. Then from the opening come Souris and Ratan. They are pumas. Behind them follow Jogo and Megus, black jaguars. Next come Macou and Bangkok, the circus' fierce black panthers.

All are ancient enemies. Loose in their native habitat, they would instinctively attack each other. Yet,

in the spotlighted ring, each walks docilely past Damoo and, with a single fluid movement, springs on a reinforced tub and sits down. Among animal trainers, Damoo is respected for his ability to make such ancient enemies behave.

Now the audience is silent. All eyes fix on the trainer. He is wholly unimpressed by the gasps of fear, for the big cats—Sonia, Champion, Jogo, Macou and the rest—are his friends. He knows them as a father knows his children.

Speaking in a low, gentle voice, he urges his pets to assume their positions. Champion, 130 pounds of solid leopard, places front and rear feet on two tubs. And the 155-pound Damoo stoops and hoists the heavy beast atop his shoulders. Then he parades about the cage.

One by one, the animals acknowledge Damoo's soft commands and take their places in pyramid formations. Occasionally a panther or jaguar will snarl, or spring at another animal. With a sharp command—or, in exceptional circumstances, a crack of the whip—Damoo brings order to what could easily be frenzied chaos.

How does a single man control 11 savage animals? Damoo's answer is disarming in its simplicity—kindness and love. Nothing else. He seldom has to whip his animals.

"In school," Damoo says, "teachers try to instill in children a respect for fellow humans. They try to discipline, through love and understanding, naïve kids who sincerely don't know how to behave themselves. Well, I try to do the same thing with animals.

"You see," he continues, "they don't know what to do until you

tell them. And you must not frighten or upset them. If you do, like children they'll freeze up. My animals, when I begin to train them, are just like kindergarteners."

Soon school will open for his newest recruits—Cuba and Nola, rolypoly black panther cubs which already are demonstrating the ferocity for which their species is notorious. When Damoo appeared before a television camera in New York last year, for instance, he brought Nola with him. She became frightened at the blinding lights and sank four tiny teeth into Damoo's thumb. Damoo bit through his lip to keep from crying out in pain.

"It wasn't Nola's fault at all," he said later. "It was mine. I should have known she would be scared."

Fear will have no place in the school curriculum the cubs will follow. When they are 12 or 15 months old, Damoo will take each separately into the cage. As soon as she is accustomed to her new surroundings, Damoo will slip a rope about her neck, tying the other end to a bar. Then, coaxing her with light prods from his stick and murmuring soothing words, the trainer will start training by teaching her to climb atop a stool.

When he addresses his animals, Damoo speaks either Hindustani or English. *Beta*, an affectionate term for "child," is a favorite word. *Baithō* means "sit down," while *Chalō* commands the animal to "step lively."

It usually takes six weeks to tame an animal to the point where difficult tricks can be taught. Once a young beast has learned to perform alone, Damoo tackles the ticklish job of introducing other

animals into the cage. This he does by tying them to opposite cage bars with ropes.

Every day the ropes are lengthened and the animals slowly advance closer to each other. The process may be tedious, but, as Damoo says, "Animals are like people. They don't get acquainted right off the bat."

Soon two, three, four and even more old-timers are admitted to the cage to rehearse with the newcomer. Gradually, well co-ordinated teamwork replaces the animal's initial mistrust and fear. And, at the end of several months, Damoo's pupil is graduated as an experienced performer.

Damoo's amazing control over his animals stood him in good stead

some years ago in India. While he was putting his cats through their paces in a huge circus tent one night, the lights suddenly went out.

In a cold sweat, Damoo, moving slowly, picked up an unoccupied stool and backed gingerly toward what he hoped was the side of the cage, shouting, "Light! Light! Someone give me light!"

A spectator struck a match. His neighbor did likewise and soon a flickering wave of tiny dots spread through the audience. And Damoo, in the faint glow from thousands of sputtering matches, saw his big cats, majestic bodies motionless, sitting obediently in their places.

"Only true friends would not have taken advantage of me in the darkness," he says proudly.

Conversation



Stoppers

"COULD I HAVE tomorrow off, sir, to help my wife with the spring house cleaning?" a junior executive asked his employer.

"No! We're much too busy!" the boss snapped.

"Thank you, sir, I knew I could depend on you," said the junior executive gratefully.

—*The Shell Roar*

A CERTAIN VERY genteel and worldly-wise Boston dowager was horrified to discover a gate-crasher mixing with her carefully selected guests. Stepping quietly up to the interloper, she said: "Waiter, tell the butler there is an uninvited man present, and instruct him to have the person shown out."

The gate-crasher quickly disappeared.

—*Wall Street Journal*

WHEN AUTHORESS Catharine Whitcomb was dining in a fashionable New York club, she was annoyed because she had to wait too long to be served. Calling for a telephone, she dialed the club number, asked for the manager, and told him where she was sitting.

"How do I get a waiter?" she inquired.

She got one immediately.

—*GRACE V. GUINAN*



Here is proof that faith, hope and charity are still a source of human inspiration

ONE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE in a Southern city views the entire marital picture with greater optimism since receiving a note recently which read: "Kindly accept the enclosed token of appreciation for performing our marriage ceremony Dec. 24, 1943. You tied a good knot." Attached was a \$5 check.

—RUDOLPH LENNIC

SIR MICHAEL BIBICH, descendant of an aristocratic Hungarian family, came to America in 1912. Today, Mike Bibich, plain American citizen of Crestline, Ohio, owns a meat market and has a side income from some real-estate investments.

In need of help himself when he came to America, Mike opened his heart in return, and many a basket of food found its way to the back porch of a needy family, put there by Mike Bibich. During the war, servicemen on trains that stopped in Crestline were served free sandwiches and coffee supplied by Mike.

When the housing shortage was at its height, Mike had plans drawn for a 30-home community on a tract of land worth \$15,000 he owned on the south side of town. Then, through local newspapers, he announced that at a public drawing

he was going to give the land away to worthy GIs of Crestline and vicinity. Letters poured in—316 of them—and on the appointed day these ex-servicemen and women gathered for the drawing. Mike called the roll, had each person write his name on a slip of paper and deposit it in the box. Then the names of the 30 lucky recipients were drawn, one by one.

The art of giving and the art of living are one and the same thing, Mike says. And he insists that his investment in others' happiness has repaid him a thousandfold. The people of Crestline still like to think of him as Sir Michael, for they believe he is a man of true nobility.

—ESTA A. STONER

SOME SAID IT WAS just one of those chance phenomena of nature; but others swore it was a prophecy, a sign . . .

In April, 1945, a few weeks before the German capitulation, Allied soldiers were advancing on practically all fronts. But this joyful news was unknown to the Allied prisoners in Nuremberg, Germany, as they trudged out of the frowzy barracks for early roll call. It was just another April morning and

another day of misery. When the column was formed and brought to reluctant attention, the guards as usual had their pre-roll call arguments and then proceeded to go down the line, taking a count of the half-starved prisoners.

During the count, one prisoner happened to glance upward. What he saw brought first a look of incredulity to his face, then a broad smile. He whispered excitedly to his buddy, who looked, and passed the word along. Soon everyone was staring upward and chattering.

A German guard, angered by the uplifted heads and gleeful chatter, stomped back and forth before the now-unruly prisoners. He succeeded in lowering their heads and silencing the tongues, but he failed to erase the smiles of hope from their faces.

Curious, he too looked upward to find the reason for their sudden joyous outbreak. It was still there, hanging like a promise in the sky over the prison camp, a beautiful silver-lined cloud in the shape of a perfect V.

—BUCK MONKES

ON A WASHINGTON, D. C., street corner, you can find an elderly man selling shoelaces almost every day in the year.

As people pass him by, they catch the words, "Shoelaces, boys and girls, buy some shoelaces." Like most blind people who try to earn a living without begging, he sells his wares quietly and unobtrusively. On a low stone wall he sits, huddled in a shabby greatcoat, a blue ski cap with earlaps on his head, and smoked glasses hiding his sightless eyes. In one hand he holds a card-

board box with a few pairs of laces; in the other, the badge of his infirmity—the white cane.

I might never have noticed him but for one thing. Around his neck hangs a small, metal plate. On it is engraved: "It could be worse."

Others also have noticed the small sign. That is why he has many visitors each day. Each walks away a little straighter, a little more confidently. The blind man's cheerful words and the small sign spread courage—the year-round.

—ANNE REINSTEIN

HE WAS A TOUGH, grizzled New York cop. He stood, legs apart, swinging his club in bored detachment as he watched the pickets pacing slowly up and down. There were five of them, four men and a girl, and as far as the cop was concerned — apparently — they might have been so many wooden manikins. The spring day had turned chilly, and the girl was thinly dressed. She shivered as a fine drizzle began to fall, but she kept walking, holding her placard grimly.

Expressionless, the cop took off his jacket and stepped up to her. "Wear this awhile," he said, draping it about her shoulders, and resumed his watch in shirtsleeves, something which could only happen in a land where the law is the servant of the people.

—PAUL STEINER

Coronet invites its readers to contribute true stories or anecdotes to "Silver Linings." For each item accepted, we will pay \$50, upon publication. All contributions must be typewritten, and none can be acknowledged or returned. Please address: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.

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The Story of Jesus

ALMOST 2,000 YEARS AGO, the story of Jesus spread its light throughout the known world. Since then, its beauty has been recorded in many ways, finding its highest expression in the unsurpassed poetry of the Bible. Now, for Easter, this ageless story of the New Testament is retold for you in a distinguished series of interpretative paintings by Ken Riley.





There was no room at the Inn. And so, on that night when a blazing star beckoned to the shepherds of the hills, a Child was born in a manger in the town of Bethlehem. And the Heavens rejoiced, and on the earth was wonder, for God had sent His only Son to bring light into a darkened world.



And the Infant was called Jesus. And it came to pass that in that land of Judea was a jealous king who would slay the Child. But the Lord spake unto Joseph in a dream, and beneath the dark wing of night, the family fled into Egypt, beyond the massacre of Herod's sword.



And the Child grew in wisdom and in grace. Now, in His twelfth year, the family departed Jerusalem following Passover. But the Child tarried, and they found Him on the third day amongst the doctors of the Temple. And all were astounded by His questionings and answerings.



Miracles fell from His hands, and His fame was manifest. For where He walked, the sick were healed, the maimed made whole, and men called Him Savior. And He suffered the little children to come unto Him and denied them not, saying, "*Of such is the kingdom of heaven.*"



And behold, when Jesus came into Jerusalem, garments and palms were spread in His path. And a great multitude followed Him. He overthrew the money-changers in the Temple, and many listened to His teachings and were astonished. For Jesus spake in the Parables of Truth.



Yet His enemies were legion. And when it came Passover, He brake bread and gave it to His twelve Apostles. And wine likewise, saying, "*This do in remembrance of me.*" For among the twelve was one Judas, who did betray Him, as He had foretold. And He did not eat again among the living.



But was delivered unto Pontius Pilate. And Pilate found no fault in Him. But His enemies and the multitude cried out, "*Let Him be crucified.*" And Pilate washed his hands before the multitude, saying, "*I am innocent of the blood of this just person.*" And it was done.



And the soldiers of Pilate mocked Him, and smote Him and platted a crown of thorns for His head. And He, bearing His cross, went forth into the place of a skull which is called Golgotha. There they crucified Him, with two others, one on either side, and Jesus in the midst.



And He said, "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*" And upon that high hill Jesus died on the Cross. And as was foretold, the sky darkened and the wind rose and the veil of the Temple was rent in twain. And many feared, saying, "*Truly, this was the Son of God.*"



And Jesus arose from the dead. And He appeared unto the eleven. And they were frightened, and fell down trembling, thinking Him a spirit. And He spake, saying, "*Be not afraid.*" And He charged them to carry His words to all men, saying, "*Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*"

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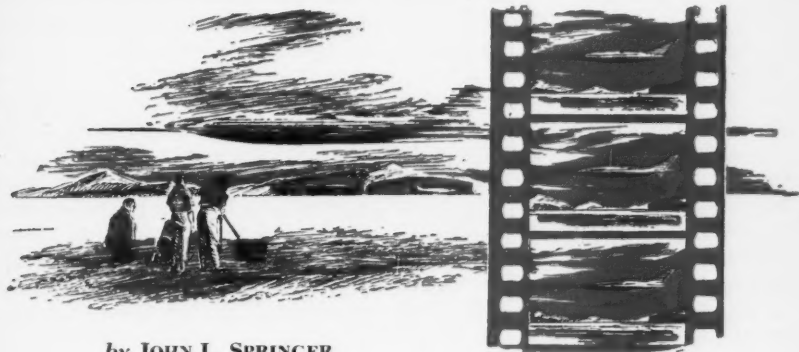
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THE HIGH-SPEED CAMERA WORKS FOR YOU



by JOHN L. SPRINGER

Split-second photography is opening up a new world for science and industry

A STRIKE VOTE had just been taken. As the workers filed back from the union polling place, three harassed management men of a Midwestern factory could tell from the expressions on the men's faces that a bitter and prolonged walkout seemed inevitable.

For weeks the three officials had argued with union representatives. The new assembly-line equipment being installed, the union complained, would cause a speed-up no human could endure. In vain, the company had tried diagrams, statistics and other arguments to show that, actually, the new machines would make jobs easier instead of harder.

The three officials stood glumly for minutes. Finally one of them reached for a phone directory. "I've got a hunch," he cried. "I don't think there'll be a strike!"

He was right. A few days later the union men viewed detailed movies of workmen at the old and

new machines. The films—taken by a cameraman hastily called for the job—proved conclusively that work would be simplified and productivity increased with the new equipment. When the movie ended, the company knew that a strike would be averted.

The tool that played the hero's role in this case was the high-speed motion-picture camera, a glittering new star in the scientific sky. The camera that pictured the assembly-line operations ran at 100 times the speed of the projector which screened the film. What actually occurred in one second in the plant was slowed down to more than a minute and a half in the projection room, enabling both sides in the controversy to study every spin of a wheel and movement of a worker's hand, hitherto hidden by the speed with which they happened.

By making the facts plain, the movie not only cleared up the strike argument but paved the way

for substantial wage increases, due to increased productivity.

Thanks to the speedy movie shutter, a new world is opening up for industry and science. "In this fast-moving age, with machines whizzing at hundreds of miles an hour, our own eyes can't keep up with what is happening," one scientist explains. "We need a camera to see for us as much as a traveler needs an automobile."

Some cameras run at speeds that stagger the imagination. One of the fastest, developed by Dr. Brian O'Brien of the University of Rochester, can take pictures at a rate of 22,000,000 a second! Using a standard projector, to show the action photographed at this speed in a second would require 16 full days.

British physicists recently clocked the fastest wink of an eye at about one-tenth of a second. Filmed by this camera, it would take almost two days and nights to watch. The simple act of lighting a match would take more than 12 days to show on the screen.

With a new electro-optical shutter, another camera can take pictures in one hundred-millionth of a second. A plane traveling at the fantastic speed of 1,000 miles a minute would move less than one-hundredth of an inch in the time the shutter opens and closes.

For most needs, however, a camera 50 to 500 times faster than the eye is adequate. Using special high-power lamps to give the intense light required, the Fastax camera, developed by the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and the Eastman Kodak high-speed camera have provided clues to improve

hundreds of products used in daily life.

Your auto motor vibrates less, your car door works better, and tires are longer-lived as a result of discoveries by quicker-than-the-eye cameras. Telephone receivers are less likely to break when you drop them, because speed movies showed engineers exactly how they should be reinforced. Clothes are cheaper and better because movies showed how to prevent threads from breaking on textile machines.

In industry, the "All-Seeing Eye" performs countless tasks. For years, the Sperry Gyroscope Company has built involved equipment to enable planes to maneuver despite varying air currents and heavy weather. One day, a company official watched a housefly buzzing around his room, mysteriously keeping its balance despite sharp turns and up-and-down swoops.

"That fly knows something we don't know," he mused.

Working with the American Museum of Natural History, Sperry hired Henry M. Lester to picture flies through his high-speed cameras. Lester slowed down the fly's wing motion 100 times and magnified the view 100 times. The film proved, for the first time, that the fly has its own gyroscope in the form of balancers or "halteres."

When the fly is resting, the little halteres are collapsed. When motion begins, the haltere knobs fill with blood and go into action at a rate of 300 beats a second, vibrating in opposite directions from the wings to provide balance.

When they saw this explanation of an age-old mystery, even hardened engineers burst into cheers.

Soon, Sperry men took out two important patents on mechanisms developed from this discovery.

Another manufacturer developed a new type of plastic covering for safety helmets. When he dropped an eight-pound steel ball onto the hat, only a small indentation resulted. Speed movies showed, however, that the ball bounced off the hat and then hit it again, striking the wearer's head. Marks on the plastic did not reveal the penetration, but the movie proved that the new plastic was unsafe. The manufacturer turned to a different material for his helmets.

Scientists warn that noisy office conditions impair employee efficiency. So the American Telephone & Telegraph Company investigated why its typewriters seemed so noisy. A few feet of high-speed film disclosed the reason: the struck keys bounced unnecessarily as they hit the bottom of their path and again when they returned to place.

The A. T. & T. passed the word along to the typewriter manufacturer, who changed his model design, thus saving headaches for formerly nerve-racked typists.

MUCH OF WHAT SCIENCE KNOWS about atomic bombs has been gleaned from the all-seeing lens.

Speed cameras have recorded atomic bomb bursts since the first one in New Mexico. Color films taken at Bikini showed in detail the movement of the shock wave, formation of the clouds and changing colors of the fireball.

"What speed cameras taught us about the A-bomb and about V-2 rockets will make a spectacular story when the government permits

it to be told," says John H. Waddell, photographic engineer of Bell Laboratories.

Ordinary events frequently reach dramatic heights when they are slowed down or speeded up. I saw a slow-motion study of drops of cream falling into a cup of coffee. The cream made a crater in the coffee, bounced up spectacularly, and spread out like an atomic mushroom. A soap bubble, actually exploding in a hundredth of a second, seemed to be a smoke ring gently wafted in the air. The soap movies were made, incidentally, to learn how the product could be improved to give housewives quicker-acting suds.

Businessmen have given housewives other advances by combining speed movies with X rays. One manufacturer produced an improved vacuum cleaner when films showed that his existing model failed to suck dirt efficiently. A shoe manufacturer made his footwear more comfortable after seeing foot bones and muscles in action.

X-ray movies may drastically cut the costs of running your automobile. Scientists say the average motorist gets only 28 to 30 per cent of the potential power from his gasoline. As more powerful X-ray tubes are developed, science hopes to see the inside workings of engines and learn how to make gasoline more efficient. Before long, the "knocking" engine may be a thing of the past.

Perhaps the camera's greatest contributions will come in medicine. Recently, scientists at the University of Rochester made X-ray films of the act of swallowing. They learned scores of things about what

they had formerly regarded as a simple operation.

Doctors also have located brain tumors by X-ray movies. Researchers hope eventually to view all human processes this way, giving them a close-up view of bodily functions which have never been clearly understood.

Already, as a result of high-speed movies, electric-light bulbs last longer, women's stockings resist runs, electric razors shave more cleanly, dinner dishes crack less readily, hunters' shotgun shells have a better chance of saturating their target. Engineers say that virtually every product in everyday use could be improved through lessons learned by the speed camera.

This faith in split-second photography exists up to the Defense De-

partment. The U. S. Air Force now is working on cameras to study the stratosphere at rocket and jet speeds, and perhaps clear up many mysteries of outer space. Not long ago, M. M. Warren of the Air Materiel Command told the Society of Motion Picture Engineers that tomorrow's camera, pointed from high in the heavens, will take color pictures of a manufacturing plant, and show merely by its smoke whether it is producing goods which might be used in war against us.

The human eye is one of the most remarkable structures in the whole world of nature. For use where progress has made the eye inadequate, science has developed in the high-speed movie camera an assistant which in many ways is even more remarkable.



Cross Section on Taxes

WHEN A SOUTH AFRICAN native was told he had to be taxed because his government, like a father, protected him from enemies, cared for him when he was sick, fed him when he was hungry, and educated him, and for these reasons needed money, the native said:

"Yes, I understand. It is like this: I have a dog, and the dog is hungry. He comes to me and begs for food.

"I say to him, 'My dear faithful dog, I see you are very hungry. I am sorry for you. I shall give you meat.'

"I then take a knife, cut off the dog's tail, give it to him, and say: 'Here, my faithful dog, be nourished by this nice piece of meat.'"

—W W & L Way

AN AMERICAN traveling in the Netherlands met a Hollander who, on learning the traveler's nationality, said, "Our flag is red, white and blue, too. When tax season approaches we begin to feel blue, when we receive our statements we turn white, and when we pay we are red!"

"Yes," replied the American, "but in the United States, we see stars as well."

—Sunshine

We Are All in Business Together

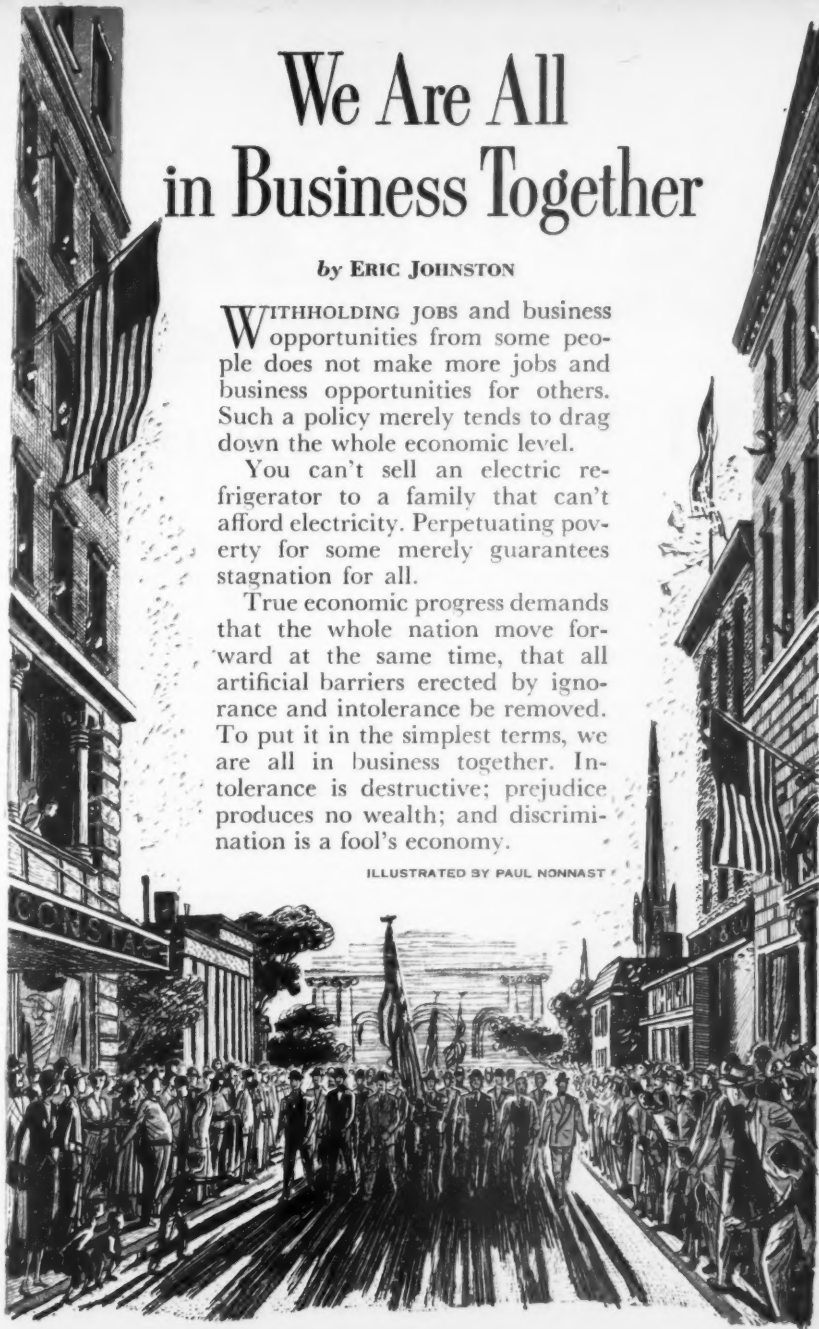
by ERIC JOHNSTON

WITHHOLDING jobs and business opportunities from some people does not make more jobs and business opportunities for others. Such a policy merely tends to drag down the whole economic level.

You can't sell an electric refrigerator to a family that can't afford electricity. Perpetuating poverty for some merely guarantees stagnation for all.

True economic progress demands that the whole nation move forward at the same time, that all artificial barriers erected by ignorance and intolerance be removed. To put it in the simplest terms, we are all in business together. Intolerance is destructive; prejudice produces no wealth; and discrimination is a fool's economy.

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL NONNAST





DEATH of a Leader

by A. MERRIMAN SMITH

Here is the behind-the-scenes story of Franklin D. Roosevelt's passing five years ago

I SAW FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT start to die. And I was there to report his death.

It was a beautiful April afternoon in 1945 at Warm Springs, Georgia, and Bill Hassett and I were lazing on the front porch of his cottage, talking about Brunswick stew. Hassett was the secretary who made most of the trips with Roosevelt.

"I'll bet," said Hassett, "the President hasn't had any Brunswick stew in years. I think he'd enjoy some, too."

Next thing, Hassett and I were talking barbecue plans with Ruth Stevens, manager of the small Warm Springs Hotel.

The afternoon of April 12 was set for the party, to be given at the Pine Mountain home of Frank Allcorn, an Atlanta broker who had bought the hotel to satisfy his love of small-town life. We decided to limit the guests to the President's staff, the three wire-service men, and, of course, Ruth and the mayor.

I spent most of the morning of April 12 on the mountain, helping Ruth and Allcorn get organized. At 3 P.M., I had to go down to Warm Springs Foundation and ran into Alice Winegar, Hassett's secretary. Alice looked a little strange as she darted across the street.

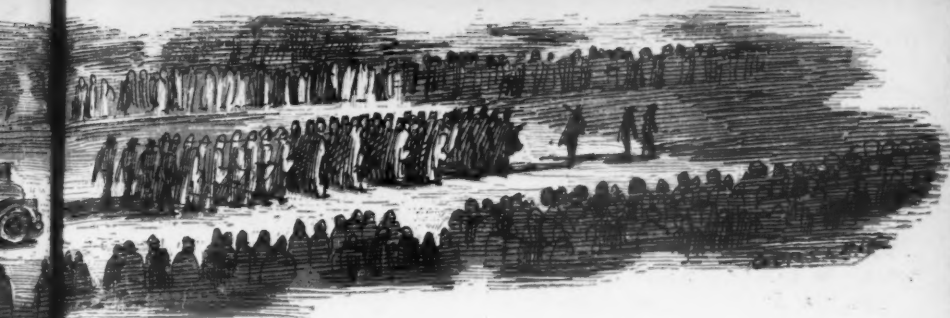
"You folks better be getting ready!" I yelled.

Alice didn't say anything. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said. But I knew she was lying. Something must be brewing; yet it never occurred to me that a truly earth-shaking event was about to happen.

Later, I went back to the Allcorn cottage, and at 4 o'clock the country fiddlers began to play. The first few guests were arriving. I walked to the barn where a Signal Corps sergeant was sitting by his short-wave portable, put there for the Secret Service.

"How about letting me call the Little White House," I asked, "to



find out if the Boss is on his way?"

The sergeant handed me the microphone, and I spoke to Anderson, Secret Service agent on duty at the gate of the Little White House. "The President is supposed to be here in a few minutes."

"Yeah, I know," said Andy. "But there's nothing moving yet. Want me to give you a call?"

"No, I'll get on the Allcorns' phone and talk to Hackie." Hackie was Louise Hackmeister, the chief White House operator.

"Hackie," I said, "why aren't you people on the way?"

Suddenly, her voice turned almost unreal. "I don't know, Smitty," she shouted. "But get the other two boys and go to the Hassett cottage as fast as you can!"

I ran out into the driveway, where Bob Nixon of International News and Harry Oliver of AP were standing together. Quietly I said, "Come with me." We headed toward a fast Signal Corps car. Then we saw Ed Clement of the local telephone company.

"Ed," I shouted, "get some circuits lined up to Washington!"

In a cloud of dust, we pulled up at Hassett's cottage and dashed inside. Hassett was standing near the fireplace, his face gray and

mournful. On the couch were Grace Tully and her assistant, Dorothy Brady. Both were crying.

I picked up a phone resting on the living-room radiator. Hassett cleared his throat. "Gentlemen," he said, "it is my sad duty to inform you that the president . . ."

"Number, please?" said the operator in my ear.

"Priority one—Washington," I said softly.

Hassett continued. "The President died at 3:35 this afternoon."

"Executive 3430," I finished to the operator. "My name is Smith."

I heard switchboards yanked apart, then the voice of the UP operator in Washington.

"Flash!" I roared into the phone. I could also hear Oliver and Nixon screaming because I had grabbed the living-room phone. Quickly Hassett steered them to other instruments.

We dictated for a few minutes, then stopped to make notes, continuing this stop-and-go process for several hours. A tired young man in khaki shirt and trousers helped us. He was Howard G. Bruenn, the Navy doctor who was with Roosevelt when he died.

Bruenn mopped his face and said with a hopeless shrug: "It was just

like a bolt of lightning. One minute he was alive and laughing. The next minute—wham!"

"Did you see this thing coming?" we asked.

"It wasn't the sort of thing you could forecast. He was awfully tired when he came down here. You saw him the other day—wasn't he in fine spirits?"

Yes, the President had been in fine spirits, but he looked unhealthy; his hands had trembled so badly that he could hardly get a cigarette to his mouth.

Two days before his death, the President was taking a quiet afternoon drive in his little open coupé. As I reined in my horse to let the car pass, Roosevelt bowed majestically to me and, in tones that must have been audible a block away, hailed me with: "Heigh-o, Silver!"

As far as I was concerned, those were his last words. Actually, he spoke his last words on April 12. It was before lunch, and the President was at work on official papers and posing at the same time for artist Elizabeth Shoumatoff. He had been in gay spirits. The war news was good that morning.

Suddenly, he clapped his hand to the back of his head. "I have a terrific headache," he said softly. Then he collapsed.

Into the sunny room dashed Arthur Prettyman, the President's valet. He summoned a Filipino messboy, and they carried Roosevelt's sagging body to his small bedroom. Bruenn rushed in with George Fox, the Navy pharmacist who gave the President nightly rubdowns. Gently they removed Roosevelt's blue suit and put pajamas on his limp body.

Bruenn phoned his chief in Washington, who asked Dr. James Paullin, famous Atlanta internist, to hurry to Warm Springs. Paullin arrived after a wild auto ride, and his diagnosis agreed with Bruenn's—a massive cerebral hemorrhage. It was just a matter of time.

At 3:35, Roosevelt's tortured breathing stopped.

THE NIGHT OF APRIL 12 was truly a nightmare—a horrible, discordant symphony of people shouting for phones, cars racing along dusty roads, the clatter of telegraph instruments and typewriters. I wrote until I thought not another word could come from my typewriter.

Mrs. Roosevelt arrived around midnight, so I signed off my Washington wire and went into the village. There, sorrowing, miserable people sat along the curbstones, talking in low voices. Their faces were pictures of fear.

The cortege left the Little White House at 9:30 in the morning. A hot Southern sun bathed the green hills and valleys the President had loved so well. On the way to the station, troops from Fort Benning stood shoulder to shoulder, presenting arms. An honor guard walked ahead of the hearse.

At the Foundation, the square was thronged with hundreds of the President's friends. They looked at the procession with tearful eyes, then bowed their heads as the cortege passed.

First into the square was the Army band from Fort Benning. The roll of its muffled drums sounded dolefully through the still country air. The colors of each troop company carried black

streamers to signify mourning for their Commander-in-Chief. Then came the hearse. The President's body was in a copper-lined flag-draped coffin.

The polio patients at Georgia Hall were drawn up in a large semicircle around the driveway. Some were on crutches. Others in wheel chairs. Still others confined to their beds. There were no restrained emotions in this group. Their idol was dead. The world was at an end.

Mrs. Roosevelt had requested that the hearse pause momentarily at the entrance of Georgia Hall. As the vehicle stopped, a Negro Coast Guardsman, Chief Petty Officer Graham Jackson, stepped forward. Jackson was one of the President's favorite musicians and he had his accordion with him.

Tears were streaming down Jackson's cheeks as he began the soft strains of Dvorák's *Going Home*. Children buried their faces in their elbows and wept loudly. Case-hardened nurses and doctors sniffled and looked at the ground.

There was old Tom Logan on the edge of the crowd. For 14 years

he had waited on the President at Warm Springs. As the white-haired Negro stared at the hearse bearing the body of his friend, his frail frame shook with sobs and he prayed aloud, "Lawd Gawd, take care of him now."

As the procession started to move again, Jackson edged closer to the slow-moving cars and began *Nearer, My God, to Thee*.

At five minutes to ten, the hearse reached the train, where eight enlisted men, picked as a guard of honor for the trip to Washington, loaded the casket into the rear car. The train was beginning to move as I climbed aboard.

We passed a cotton field where Negro women were working on spring planting. I saw four of them kneeling near the edge of the field, their hands raised in prayerful supplication.

I thought of the President's prayer on D-Day when he spoke to God in behalf of our troops pouring ashore in Normandy.

"Some will never return," he prayed. "Embrace these, Father, and receive them, Thy heroic servants, into Thy kingdom . . ."



Apple a Day

THE YOUNG DENTIST and a young doctor starting business in the same town rented adjoining offices and shared a typist's services. She was a most attractive girl, and neither doctor nor dentist was unaware of it.

One morning the dentist was

called to the city on urgent business. After he had left, the typist found a note on her desk reading: "Dear Mary: I am leaving for five days. You will find a little present in your lower desk drawer."

Opening the drawer, she discovered five shiny, red apples.

—ELEANOR C. WOOD



The Newest Weapons to Fight Cancer

by NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

Science is making giant strides in diagnosing a dread disease

PROBABLY THE greatest single advance ever made in the fight against cancer." These words, from the eminent Dr. Shields Warren of

the Atomic Energy Commission, were typical of the acclaim that greeted an announcement in Chicago by Dr. Charles Huggins, famed surgeon and former president of the American Association for Cancer Research.

Dr. Huggins did not say he had found a cure for cancer. He had discovered no dramatic new method of surgery, no wonder drug, no kind of radiation that would at last rout the killer which last year took the lives of 200,000 Americans. Neither did his revelation bring us closer to saving the hapless victims of advanced cancer.

Yet Huggins had a magnificent piece of news about a development that could be a great forward step in detecting early cancer, for he and his associates had found what might become one of medicine's most valuable diagnostic tools. More than just another method, it had particular promise because it might

be the long-sought preliminary test that would help in quickly screening large numbers of people. What Dr. Huggins had, in short, was a blood test for cancer.

Every medical man engaged in the war against cancer realizes that one of the major battle fronts is the field of diagnosis. If cancer can be detected in time, doctors can save the lives of seven out of ten victims through the use of radium, X rays and surgery.

To detect cancer, medicine has devised many methods of diagnosis, some fairly simple, some quite complicated. Doctors in the nation's 252 major cancer-detection centers and in their private offices have achieved an impressive record of correct diagnosis.

However, the fact that diagnostic methods already exist did not lessen wide interest in the Huggins blood test. Every doctor recognized that there is a real need for a simple, easily applied test that can readily be used as a preliminary check in screening possible victims of the disease. Most people do not have cancer, of course, yet it would be supremely desirable if every adult American were examined for possible presence of the disease. Such a

mass examination would be a gigantic undertaking—and feasible only if a reliable, simple and speedy test were available.

Although they had not set out to find a cancer blood test, Dr. Huggins and his co-workers found themselves exploring this fascinating possibility when they undertook a blood-research project under a \$74,485 grant from the American Cancer Society. They were soon intrigued by the thought that perhaps the existence of cancer somewhere in the body would have an effect on the blood.

Offhand, that hardly looked like a promising idea, because if you look through a microscope at the blood of a person with early cancer, it appears to be perfectly ordinary. Analyze it and it comes out pretty much the same. However, in going back over the work of other researchers, Dr. Huggins and his associates—Dr. Gerald M. Miller, and an organic chemist, Elwood V. Jensen—found a hint that set them off on a new track in their experiments. Perhaps whole blood didn't show any differences—but what about *part* of the blood?

There was a clue in the work of Dr. Donald G. C. Clark and his group at the Yale University School of Medicine. They had discovered that in the blood of cancer victims there was a strange factor which affected the blood's ability to utilize protein. Let's have a good look at that, said Huggins.

Under the microscope, all the albumin (one of the three important proteins of blood serum) looked the same, whether it had come from a person with cancer or from a perfectly healthy individual. But sup-

pose they could force it to do something that would show a difference? Try to make it coagulate, for instance. They took two batches of samples, one from healthy persons, one from cancer patients. They heated all samples to the same temperature, then dropped in a tiny amount of a chemical called iodoacetic acid.

As they watched, some samples clotted twice as fast as others! Again they repeated the experiment with samples from other patients, some well, some with cancer. Again the results were the same. The albumin in patients with cancer clotted only half as fast as that in healthy people. It sounded too simple, yet here were laboratory reports to prove it.

Now what would happen if they tried it on a large number of people? They went to work on a group of 300, evenly divided between cancer patients and healthy people, or patients with non-cancerous diseases. They expected some percentage of failure, yet not a single cancer case escaped detection!

Still, Dr. Huggins cautiously described his discovery simply as "a reasonably sure test for cancer." Others were less conservative. Dr. Shields Warren, director of the Division of Biology and Medicine of the Atomic Energy Commission, described the test in the glowing terms already quoted. Dr. Charles S. Cameron, medical and scientific director of the American Cancer Society, immediately sent 500 copies of the report to cancer clinics all over the country.

The eventual usefulness of the Huggins test can only be learned from the results of a number of exhaustive clinical tests now under

way. From them should come the solid guidance that will enable physicians all over the country to use the test.

Meanwhile, medicine can report progress on many other fronts in the continual efforts to improve cancer diagnosis. One of the most remarkable successes has been scored by a powerful aid in finding cancer of the uterus, a major cancer enemy of women.

The story of this development began some 20 years ago when Dr. George N. Papanicolaou, professor of clinical anatomy at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, made a discovery that started him on a long quest.

In fluid extracted from a woman with cancer of the uterus, he saw some curious cells. Under a microscope, these twisted, odd-shaped cells were clearly not normal. The doctor felt quite sure that they were cancer cells.

Could this mean that this cancer was shedding cells? If it were, he foresaw a tremendous possibility. Take samples of fluid, and look for cancer cells. If you found them, you would know that, no matter how cleverly it was concealed, a cancer had begun its deadly work in the patient's uterus.

But Dr. Papanicolaou was a cautious man. This particular cancer had definitely given off some cells—but did all uterine cancers do that? Without telling anyone what he was doing, he began to examine hundreds of smears from other patients. For 15 years the tireless researcher struggled to solve problems that had to be licked before his test could be anything more than a laboratory curiosity. Then,

in 1943, he told the medical profession about his work.

At Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, the test was applied to 220 patients. The error was less than four per cent. Here, certainly, was something worth trying on a larger scale. Though there were skeptics, Drs. Maurice Fremont-Smith, Joe V. Meigs and Ruth M. Graham decided on an all-out test. Ahead of them were years of work, for they applied the test to 5,261 women and then double checked by other methods of diagnosis.

When this enormous task was completed, they had great news. They had found 317 women who had cancer of the uterus. In 69 cases the diagnosis was not confirmed by other methods. They had missed 37 other cases. But they felt triumphant, just the same, because the over-all error figured out at 1.3 per cent, much lower than on the small-scale test.

The evidence was convincing enough to bring the test into wide usage as a major diagnostic aid, although surgeons and radiologists do not treat suspected cancer of the uterus on the basis of a smear-test alone.

Scientists in other fields have turned to tracking down stomach cancer, which accounts for approximately half of all cancer fatalities. Because it gives little indication of its presence, it is called "the silent cancer," hardest of all to diagnose.

At the great research laboratories of Westinghouse in Pittsburgh, John W. Coltman tackled the problem of giving the doctors a new way of seeing into the stomach. At times the ordinary X ray gives such a faint, hard-to-interpret picture that

it is most difficult to recognize a cancerous growth.

To correct this, Coltman and his fellow workers put together a complicated device that gives the doctor a view of the human interior some 500 times clearer than any other obtained with ordinary X rays! Doctors look upon the new Coltman equipment as a promising means of discovering not only cancer but other internal disorders.

A Yale pathologist, Dr. Harry S. N. Greene, is working on another way to determine the existence of cancer. He conducted experiments involving the transplanting of living tissue, and found that only two types could be transplanted from one species to another and continue to live. One was the tissue of an embryo; the other was cancer tissue. In other words, Greene concluded, if adult human tissue continues to grow when transplanted to a guinea pig, it is cancerous.

ANOTHER DIAGNOSIS FRONTIER is being explored by Dr. Harold S. Burr, Yale anatomist, and Dr. Louis Langman, New York University gynecologist. They have made a discovery which may make it possible to spot cancer any place in the body by a simple, inexpensive electrical device that could be used by any doctor.

Fifteen years ago, Burr became fascinated by a baffling mystery of nature. What does electricity have to do with life? Throughout nature, he knew that all living creatures produced currents. The human heart, brain, and other portions of

the body have characteristic currents, some of which are recorded by diagnostic machines used in determining heart conditions and the location of brain tumors.

What intrigued Burr was the challenging idea that perhaps electricity had something to do with growth. Could this strange biological electricity be the secret of the genes which transmit characteristics from one generation to the next?

What he proposed was a prolonged study of electrical fields surrounding different kinds of animals and plants, and different parts of the animals' bodies.

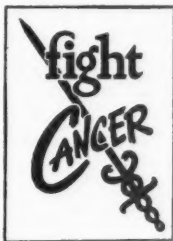
Of course, he did not know for sure that these fields would be there, so he went to Dr. Cecil T. Lane, Yale physicist, with an unusual request: "Can you make a device that will measure a millionth of a volt?"

Lane went to work and came up with the device.

Burr's discoveries soon began to amaze the world of science. He found thousands of electrical patterns. Different animals did indeed have varying fields, and so did individual parts of their bodies. These fields clearly had something to do with growth. And that started Burr on the line of research which led to his work in cancer detection.

Normal growing cells had a certain electrical charge; might not that charge be different in cancer cells, where growth had somehow gone crazy? Dr. Burr tried the apparatus on mice. Sure enough, there was a difference!

What baffled Burr, however, was the fact that some perfectly healthy



mice showed the same kind of electrical effect as those with tumors. A few weeks later he got the explanation. The apparently healthy mice developed tumors! The electrical checkup had actually predicted the development of cancer!

Now came the great question confronting all medical researchers. The test had worked on mice; would it work on people?

Drs. Burr and Langman started giving tests at Bellevue Hospital in New York. Selecting cancer of the female genital tract as a starting point, they made tests on hundreds of women. The results were impressive. Of 75 women who definitely had cancer, the Burr-Langman test spotted 74. Of 616 women whose electrical responses did not indicate cancer, a checkup by other methods indicated that only five of them actually had it.

A great deal of testing remains to be done before it can be certain that the Burr-Langman device is a dependable indicator of cancer. However, doctors are hopeful that

it will prove its value, because it would be a welcome addition to the diagnostic armamentarium of a good clinician. And even though no single test now available is entirely foolproof, each adds to the reliability of the others. If one test fails to prove conclusively that a person has cancer, as many as six different tests can be combined for a more definite diagnosis.

These promising developments, as well as many other possibilities now being explored through the auspices of general grants and special funds such as the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund, highlight the importance of early diagnosis. The American Cancer Society emphasizes the fact that your own greatest protection against cancer is to visit your family doctor or a cancer-detection clinic each year for an examination. Even without the help of new developments, present diagnostic methods in most cases give the doctor the information he needs to discover and fight cancer at the stage when it can most readily be defeated.

Banquet Behavior

A BISHOP ATTENDED a banquet, and a clumsy waiter dropped a plate of hot soup in his lap. The anguished clergyman glanced around and exclaimed: "Will some layman please say something appropriate?" —Hanley Herald

EDDIE CANTOR, who has lived through more testimonial dinners than most entertainers, remembers one for Caruso, great Italian tenor, shortly after World War I. There was a long, formal program ostensibly to honor the singer, but after he had endured the speeches for a while Caruso sprang up and shouted: "Why nobody ask me to sing?"

So saying, he walked onstage, collared an accompanist, and proceeded to sing for a full hour. —NBC

YOUR HISTORY

True OR False?

How well do you know American history? Few of us can quote significant dates or name Andrew Johnson's vice-president. But how accurate is your knowledge of familiar events and personalities in the American cavalcade? Orville A. Lindquist of Oberlin, Ohio, has spent years collecting American fallacies—things most people believe but which are not true. Recently, he published an anthology of bogus Americana, from which the following selections are adapted. Try your luck on these questions. (Answers on page 71)

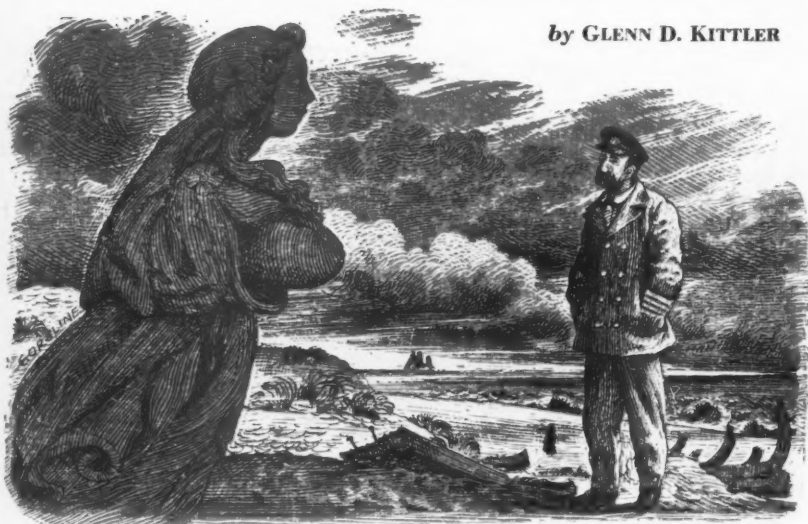
1. From what country did the Pennsylvania Dutch emigrate to America?
2. Was Vermont one of the original 13 Colonies?
3. Who carried the message "the British are coming" from Boston to Concord?
4. Was John Paul Jones an admiral in the American Navy?
5. What headgear was worn by Daniel Boone?
6. Who invented the steamboat?
7. Was it Andrew Jackson who said: "To the victor belong the spoils"?
8. When was gold first discovered in California?
9. Did the Irish flee to America to escape British rule?
10. Who first said: "Go West, young man"?
11. Who made the first nonstop flight across the Atlantic?
12. Did Admiral Byrd discover the South Pole?

ILLUSTRATED BY LYLE JUSTIS

From *Common Fallacies Regarding United States History* by Orville A. Lindquist. Copyright, 1948, by the author and published by The Dietz Press, Inc., Richmond, Virginia.

Monument to a Mystery

by GLENN D. KITTLER



A sunken ship's majestic figurehead pays tribute to Jean Baptiste, hero and enigma

ON THE SHORES OF Virginia Beach stands the figurehead of a sunken Norwegian sailing vessel. It is a monument to a hero of whom nothing more is known than his deed and his name. He was Jean Baptiste, crew member of the *Dictator*, a bark which lost its battle with the sea in March, 1891.

Commanded by Capt. J. W. Jorgensen, the *Dictator* had left Miami a week earlier with a load of pine for Boston. Aboard were the crew of 15 men, the captain, his wife, and their infant son.

At dawn, a violent storm attacked the Virginia coast. The *Dictator*, caught off Cape Henry, attempted to reach the protection of Hampton Roads, but each hour the sea grew

in fury and pushed the bark towards shore.

The vessel was sighted by Coast Guardsmen at Virginia Beach, and flares were fired to warn the *Dictator* of danger. For three hours, the vessel fought the storm, but each wave sent her nearer shore. Word of the impending disaster spread to Norfolk, and by noon crowds had gathered on Virginia Beach.

There was a sudden crack, like distant thunder, and the *Dictator* quivered visibly. A cry went up on the beach: "She's hit the shoals!" The vessel settled to port, and huge waves began sweeping her deck.

Coast Guardsmen placed a Lyle gun on the beach and shot a line towards the *Dictator*, but the gale

blew the rope far astern. Attempts were made for half an hour before the line finally landed on the *Dictator* and the crew managed to secure it to the mainmast.

In another half-hour, a breeches buoy was installed and sent over the waves to the doomed vessel. But the sea, refusing to surrender its spoils, grew more violent. Mountains of water pounded the ship, rending its starboard side and crumbling the deck.

There were but two ways of escape: the buoy and the *Dictator's* single small boat. It might be possible, Jorgensen felt, for the boat to reach shore, and he allowed four men to make the attempt.

As soon as they hit the water, the seamen knew it was useless to man the oars. Instead, they clung to the boat and hoped the waves would push them to safety. Twenty feet from shore, the sea lifted the craft high in the air and sent it crashing to the beach.

The men were saved, but the boat was wrecked. The Coast Guard knew that another attempt to cross the 300 yards of fury would mean certain death. They could only await further action from the *Dictator* itself.

Jorgensen went to the forward cabin where his wife and son and the rest of his crew awaited instructions. He told them the truth. The ship was cracking up beneath them. It was the buoy or nothing.

Everyone agreed that Mrs. Jorgensen and her baby should have the first chance at the buoy, but because of the uncertainty of reaching shore the men decided that one of the crew should risk the first journey. The 11 men followed Jor-

gensen to the buoy. Among them was Jean Baptiste.

The crew and captain knew little about Baptiste. He had joined ship in San Francisco, and, during the long voyage around Cape Horn, he rarely spoke. He said he was French and that he had been a seaman all his life. But there was much to contradict this.

When Baptiste spoke, whether in French or English, he had an accent recognizable as Austrian. Often, he took a folder of pictures from his seabag and studied them for long, silent hours. The men who were able to get close enough saw they were pictures of women in rich gowns and men in uniforms, and that the name of a Vienna photographer was printed at the bottom of each photograph.

If, when the *Dictator* was in port, Baptiste left ship at all, it was always alone and for a short time. And there was a grace in his walk, a student-like tilt of his head when he listened to conversations, and a softness in his hands which never left him.

The crew agreed that Jean Baptiste was an Austrian nobleman who had lost favor at court and been forced into exile, where, like many men drifting the world, he had turned at last to the comforting anonymity of the sea.

When the crew struggled across the *Dictator's* deck, it was Baptiste who first reached the breeches buoy. Jorgensen thought the mysterious foreigner was seeking the first chance for escape. Instead, Jean stepped aside and lifted another man into the rescue apparatus.

Jorgensen watched three men make the trip to shore before he

decided the device was safe enough for his wife and son. But as the buoy returned from the third rescue, the sea rose like a wall, pounded the *Dictator*, splintered the mainmast, and sent it and the buoy equipment over the side.

Quickly, Baptiste went to the forward cabin and returned with a rope. He tied one end around himself, then handed the other end to Jorgensen.

"Lower me over the side," Baptiste said. "If I can reach the mast, I may be able to untie the buoy ropes and bring them back."

The minutes that he struggled in the water were like hours to the men who watched from deck. Drenched and exhausted, he was hoisted back to the vessel with the precious lines in his arms. Then, at this fateful moment, the *Dictator* split in half. Men dove overboard for the desperate swim to the beach.

Jorgensen dashed forward to his wife and son. Close beside him was Jean Baptiste. Together, the four returned to deck, where Jean cut two lengths of rope. With one, he strapped the baby to Jorgensen's back, and with the other he tied Mrs. Jorgensen to his side. The two men slid over the rail just as the *Dictator* trembled for the last time and crumbled to bits.

The eight crewmen who had jumped overboard drowned before they could swim to shore. Spectators on the beach watched, tense and prayerful, as Mrs. Jorgensen and Baptiste approached within inches of safety. Then a sudden wave curled about them and pulled them back to death. Only Jorgensen reached shore, but the tumultuous seas had torn his son from the

rope bindings and the boy was lost.

At dawn next day, the sea off Virginia Beach was calm and blue. Flotsam spread for miles along the coast line. Hourly, the sea surrendered more of its victims, and before the day ended all bodies had been washed ashore.

Near twilight, Coast Guardsmen saw another object on the beach—not a human body but the imposing ten-foot figurehead that had adorned the doomed ship.

It was the likeness of a buxom Nordic woman, almost Wagnerian in size and strength. Her cape and gown arched behind her, as if the wind kept them forever floating. A crown was on her head, and in her left hand she held a scepter of authority. Coast Guardsmen set the statue upright on the beach for spectators to see.

AFTER HIS WIFE and son were buried in Norfolk's Elmwood Cemetery, Capt. Jorgensen went away. He became the skipper of a small vessel that plied the Atlantic coast. But just a year later, on March 27, 1892, he returned to Virginia Beach.

Alone, Jorgensen walked to the *Dictator's* figurehead, which remained where the Coast Guardsmen had placed it. For a long time he looked at the spot where his ship had gone down, then he walked to the water's edge and cast flowers upon the sea. Finally he knelt and prayed.

In the seamen's plot in another part of the cemetery was a small, weather-beaten tombstone marked "130." On Index Card No. 130 in the cemetery office was this brief notation: "Jean Baptiste, drowned

March 27, 1891, in shipwreck off Virginia Beach." At this tombstone, too, Captain Jorgensen stopped and prayed.

He returned next year, and again cast flowers on the water and knelt to pray. Passers-by thought he was insane, but when townspeople told his story, many of them knelt beside him and joined his prayers.

Each year for 30 years, Jorgensen returned to Virginia Beach for his memorial. Then, one year when the Captain did not appear, as usual, on March 27, the people checked with the ship line for which he worked and learned he had died only a few weeks earlier.

So a group of Virginia Beach

residents formed a pilgrimage and went to the spot Jorgensen had always visited. They cast flowers upon the water and they knelt to pray, adding his name to the prayers. And this they have continued to do since, every year.

The Nordic statue was moved from the beach and placed on a hill overlooking the sea. Later, the people constructed a concrete base for the statue and encircled it with a chain, and, on each March 27, flowers are put in the urn at its feet.

And so it stands today, a strange memorial of the faithful love of Captain Jorgensen for his wife and son, and a monument to a mysterious stranger, Jean Baptiste.

Your History—True or False?

(Answers to quiz on page 67)

1. The so-called Pennsylvania Dutch are Germans who came to Pennsylvania after 1683; 2. Vermont was not one of the original 13 Colonies; it became the 14th state in 1791; 3. Not Paul Revere, or even William D. Dawes—often credited with the feat—made the ride from Boston to Concord. Both were arrested by the British en route, and Samuel Prescott completed the mission; 4. No. Jones was made an admiral in 1781, after he had left America, by Catherine the Great of Russia; 5. Most people believe Boone habitually wore a coonskin cap. Actually, he wore an ordinary hat; 6. Robert Fulton made first commercial use of the steamboat, but credit for the invention goes to John Fitch, who patented his idea in 1791; 7. Senator William L. Marcy, not

Jackson, declared, in 1832, "To the victor belong the spoils"; 8. Gold was discovered in California during Sir Francis Drake's expedition in 1679—269 years before the '48 Gold Rush; 9. No. The potato famine of 1846-47 drove the Irish to America; 10. While most Americans believe Horace Greeley first said, "Go West, young man," it was John L. Soule, writing in the *Terre Haute Express* in 1851, who originated the phrase. When the slogan became popular, Greeley disclaimed authorship and gave credit to Soule; 11. Capt. John Alcock and Lt. Arthur Whitten Brown, English aviators, made the first nonstop Atlantic flight eight years before Charles A. Lindbergh, who made the first *solo* flight; 12. No. Credit for its discovery goes to Roald Amundsen.

The Undercover War for OIL



Landowners are reaping a rich harvest in the scramble for sources of "black gold"

by RUTH SHELDON

EARLY LAST YEAR, a snowbound North Dakota farmer saw a strange tractor come plowing down the unbroken road to his farm. His surprise at the arrival of such a determined visitor would have been amazement had he known the same thing was happening simultaneously on hundreds of farms throughout the region. The secret invasion of North Dakota had begun.

Before the state knew what the invasion was all about, small, highly trained and fiercely competitive armies of Texans, Oklahomans and Louisianans had penetrated the countryside, mapped campaigns, and within three weeks retreated as secretly as they had

come, carrying their trophies in their pockets—oil and gas leases covering some 4,000,000 acres.

The strange part of all this was the fact that no oil boom existed in North Dakota. No well had yet been drilled, and no test drilling was likely for another year—if then. What happened there happens to a lesser degree every month throughout most of the country, in the endless competition between oil companies, big and little, to lease prospective oil lands.

These recurrent oil-less booms are one of the country's biggest businesses and one of the farmers' best cash "crops." Every year, some \$300,000,000 is paid to landowners in rentals and bonuses on

land which is nonproductive as yet.

The sudden dash to North Dakota resulted from major oil discoveries two years before in Canada, which led geologists to consider Dakota as possible oil country. When news leaked out over the sensitive oil grapevine that one company had actually started to lease, the undercover race was on.

The countryside was so snow-bound that as one lease man started out from town the rural mail carrier advised him it was hopeless; he himself hadn't been able to deliver mail for three weeks.

"I'll take the mail for you," the lease man said, "because I have to get through." He did.

Once the leases are acquired, a company may spend as much as two years in geological and geophysical study before drilling the first test well. Or, if the detailed study is unfavorable, the company may not drill at all.

The lease generally covers a five- or ten-year period. For this, the owner is usually paid a bonus ranging from ten cents to thousands of dollars per acre, depending upon oil activity in the area. In North Dakota, where there was no oil as yet, bonuses were ten cents an acre, whereas, in California, an oil company recently paid a bonus of \$3,000,000 for the lease of 160 acres surrounded by producing wells.

In addition to the bonus, the landowner receives a yearly rental, generally \$1 per acre, for the life of the lease. If oil or gas is discovered, the lessee receives one-eighth of all produced. And once a well comes in, the lease remains in effect as long as production continues.

Landmen, whose strategy and

Fortunes in Attics

IN HUNDREDS OF ATTICS—tucked away in Granddad's dusty trunk, among family papers, in the drawers of unused desks—are old deeds to faraway property, mineral rights bought on speculation long ago, and shares in forgotten inheritances, some of which may hold the key to unexpected fortunes in oil or gas. Is there such a treasure-trove in your attic? It might pay you to take a look.

work obtain the land desired, are among the most versatile men in the oil industry. In the course of finding owners of mineral rights and persuading them to lease, the landman must be a combination detective, psychologist, lawyer, salesman, horse trader and general handyman. In a typical year, a major company landman traveled 50,000 miles by car, 17,000 miles by train and 6,000 by air, and worked in 30 states.

Once a likely tract is spotted, leases must be obtained from every person who has any possible claim, through purchase or inheritance, to an interest in the mineral rights. Any oversight may prove costly, as some people make a business of searching old records and delving into family histories to locate possible claimants to land proved for oil production.

American susceptibility to buying lots in faraway but glamorous-sounding developments is a landman's headache but sometimes pays off to the gullible purchaser. A desolate tract in West Texas was sold in ten-acre parcels to hundreds of city dwellers in New York,

Newark, Chicago and Pittsburgh.

A few years later an oil company landman painstakingly followed up the real-estate salesman's visits and discovered that the promoter had promoted himself out of one of West Texas' lushest oil fields.

A landman starts his search in the courthouse of the county where the tract is located. Theoretically, all details of ownership are recorded there, but too often there are gaps in the chain of title, or names with no addresses.

In Oklahoma, one landman was baffled by the great number of missing deeds in an area until he located an old man with an iron safe in which were all the unrecorded links in titles. The old man had once been a storekeeper in Indian Territory, where settlers trusted his store safe more than they did the courthouse.

After a landman has located the proper owners of mineral rights, his problem is to talk them into leasing. A group of landmen arrived in southeastern Arkansas, where the farmers had never been approached for a lease before. For several days

they were stumped. Then they heard there was to be a singing social at the church Sunday night.

The landmen were on hand in good voice. There was no oil and gas conversation, but at the church supper the pies and cakes which received their most ardent praise coincidentally had been baked by wives from farms covering the most acreage. Next day, their brief cases bulged with signed leases.

The most famous lease that nobody ever acquired lies in the middle of the Fitts pool in Oklahoma, where wells are drilled one to each ten acres. But there is one parcel in the center of the pool which boasts no well. Instead, there is a little fenced-in cabin where an old man lives alone. He has refused bonuses of \$150,000 for the right to drill, because it means his lifetime home would have to be moved.

The landman's reaction to this situation is illustrated by the Christmas card that one of them sent to his rivals. Under a photograph of the shabby little cabin was printed: "How would you like to live in this \$150,000 home?"



This Strange New World

Very nice bungalow consisting of loving room with fireplace, dining room, both carpeted.—Ad in the *Daily Argus* (S. D.) *Leader*

Although hundreds of letters and telephone calls come to us each day, we fake a personal interest in each.

—Letter from a Sacramento (California) Department Store

A tall, erect United States Army sergeant was charged with reason today.—News item in the Tacoma (Washington) *News-Tribune*



A YOUNG MAN was being examined as to his qualifications for an important position at Columbia University. "This job," the preliminary interviewer told him, "requires the ability to handle people in a way that will retain their good will, under any circumstances."

Thus briefed, the young man sailed past one examiner after another until he came to the final test—an interview with President Eisenhower himself.

The conversation went along without proving much of anything until suddenly General Ike leaned forward and asked: "Whom do you consider the three greatest men in American history?"

"I didn't quite catch your name, sir," replied the candidate, "but the other two are Washington and Lincoln."

—*Investment Dealers' Digest*

THE OVERNIGHT GUEST of a New Orleans hotel was impressed by the smart, intelligent bellhop who had his bags at the curb and a taxi waiting for him the moment he was

ready to go. He flipped the young man a 50-cent piece.

"Make it a dollar," the bellhop whispered, "and I won't mention the hotel towels you packed."

The guest indignantly exclaimed, "Young man, I could have you arrested for making a groundless accusation like that!"

"Don't get upset, sir," the bellhop answered cheerfully. "Nine times out of ten, it works."—LEE WHITE

THE OLD DEACON was lecturing one of his flock, a middle-aged man who was a model of sobriety during the week, but blacked out completely on Saturday nights.

"Brother," the deacon gently admonished him, "you should struggle and fight against that craving. When you feel it coming on, you must try to wrestle with your conscience."

"'Taint no use, Deacon," the repentant sinner replied. "Dat ole conscience am too strong. He done throw me every time." —*Wall St. Journal*

IT WAS A SUNNY AFTERNOON in Heaven and the balmy air was filled with the melody of harps. Suddenly a terrific uproar began to issue from the celestial woodshed. It suggested all the ouches of all the children who'd ever been given a touch of discipline in the woodsheds of earth.

The voice that was loudest seemed to be masculine. It quavered at times but there was nothing in the smart spank-spank of palm against flesh that suggested weakness or old age. A group of cherubs, their eyes filled with awe, crept close to the place of correction.

"I'll show you!" The yelling—

spank-spank—grew triumphant. "For 50 years you've ruined my art. I work a lifetime to express myself and then you come along. . . ."

A cherub approached St. Peter. "Who is doing all that shouting in the woodshed?" he asked.

"That," said St. Peter, "is Father Time. He's beating the pants off Elizabeth Arden and Helena Rubinstein."

—ELLEN DENBY

GROUCHO MARX's father tried to get stylish in a lower East Side restaurant and ordered a demitasse. The waiter, unmoved by such affectation, brought him a large cup of coffee.

"Look here, waiter," howled the elder Marx, "I ordered a demitasse and you brought me a full cup of coffee."

The waiter answered, with a shrug, "So drink a little of it."

—EARL WILSON (Post-Hall Syndicate, Inc.)

THE COLLECTOR had called for the fifteenth time in a vain attempt to obtain the balance due on Blank's account. Exasperated by Blank's apparently casual acceptance of the situation, he exclaimed:

"Now look, I can't come here time after time for this account. I insist that you fix a definite day."

"Oh, all right," replied Blank. "Suppose you call on Tuesdays."

—FRANCES RODMAN

A NEW FATHER was looking at the babies through the window of the infant ward, and it seemed that every baby there was crying.

"Why are they bawling?" he asked the nurse.

"Listen," she said severely, "if you were only a few days old,

without any clothes, out of a job, and owed the government almost \$1,700 on the national debt, you'd be bawling, too!"

—IRVING HOFFMAN

WHILE ON A VISIT to England, an American had had considerable difficulty in finding the correct pronunciation for some of the unusual English names—Beauchamp pronounced "Beesham," Auchinleck pronounced "Afeck," and of course the famous Cholmondeley, pronounced "Chumley." He finally caught on to the more usual ones, after taking an unmerciful kidding.

The following year, his English friends paid a visit to the American. Anxious to reciprocate their hospitality, he asked if there was any special place they wanted to visit.

"Well," said one, "I have always wanted to see Niagara Falls."

The American looked puzzled and asked, "How was that again?"

"Niagara Falls," repeated the Englishman.

"How do you spell it?" asked his American host.

"N-I-A-G-A-R-A F-A-L-L-S," replied the other.

The American's face cleared.

"Oh," he said, smiling, "you mean NIFFLES!"

—ERIC HERMAN

Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

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ENCHANTED YEARS



by J. P. FOLINSBEE

A CHILD'S WORLD is a kingdom of delight. For all of us, it lives again in the dreams and ventures, the laughter and the soon-forgotten

tears of our own children. Now, in a distinguished gallery of photographs, CORONET opens for you a book of the long enchanted years.



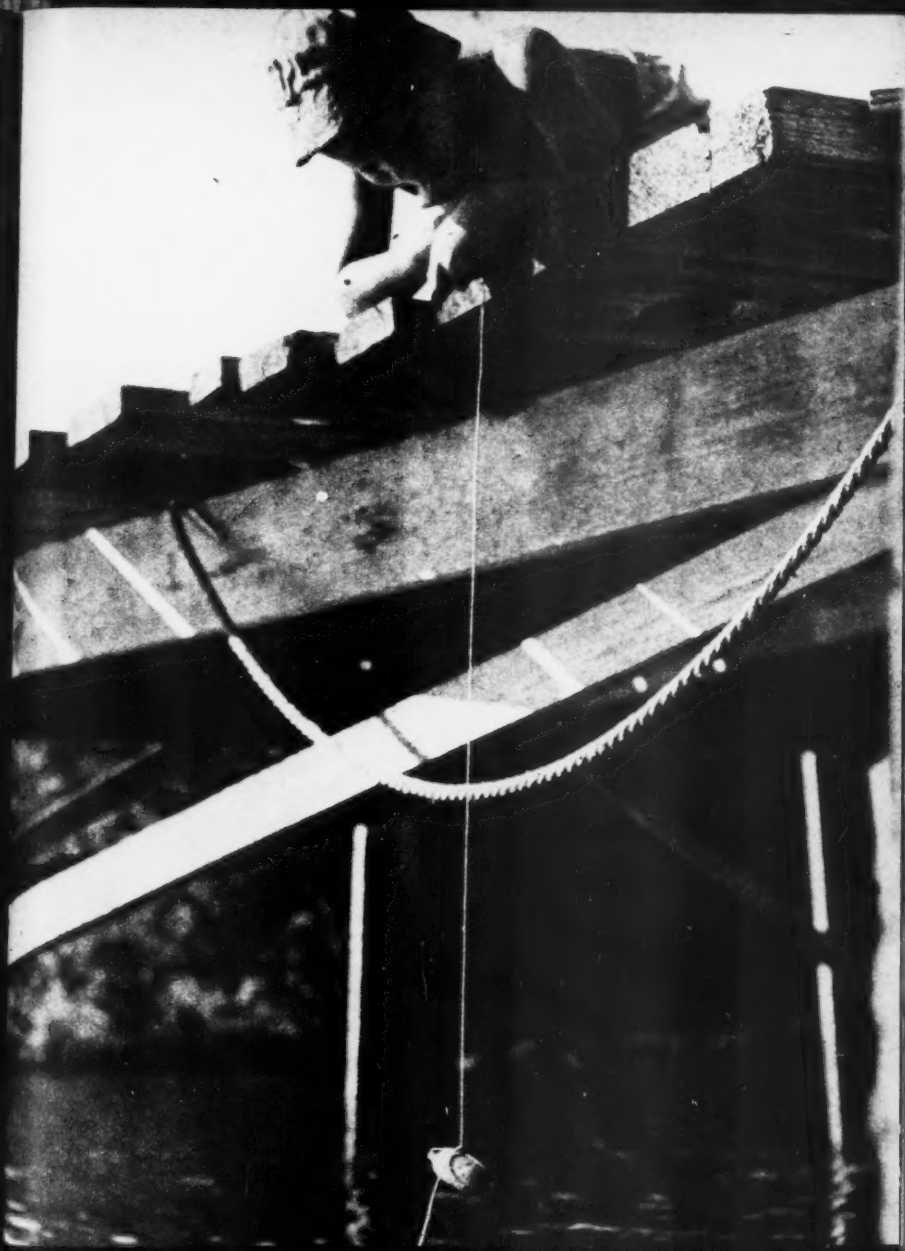
In those first days, when you were just embarked upon the years,
There were no memories. Yet, they would someday tell you how you
Slept on folded hands—and wakened at a whisper or a shadow's touch.



Those were days of their delight. You saw them only as tall giants,
Strangers still—and yet how quickly won to friendship by a grin;
For even then you understood the warm, embracing smile of their love.



You took a step one day, and found a universe. And oh, what tales
You carried home of daring explorations in a back-yard wilderness
Of grassy plains and lofty forests bounded only by a tall white gate.



Close your eyes, and walk once more across a cool, morning meadow
To a sun-warmed bridge, and the deepest pools of a tranquil stream.
There, the world stood still, and every ripple hid a boyhood dream.



There was a world forbidden you—the grown-up world of after dark.
Yet, slipping down the shadowed stairs, you spied with drowsy eyes,
Knowing they would find you there—and tuck you lovingly in bed.



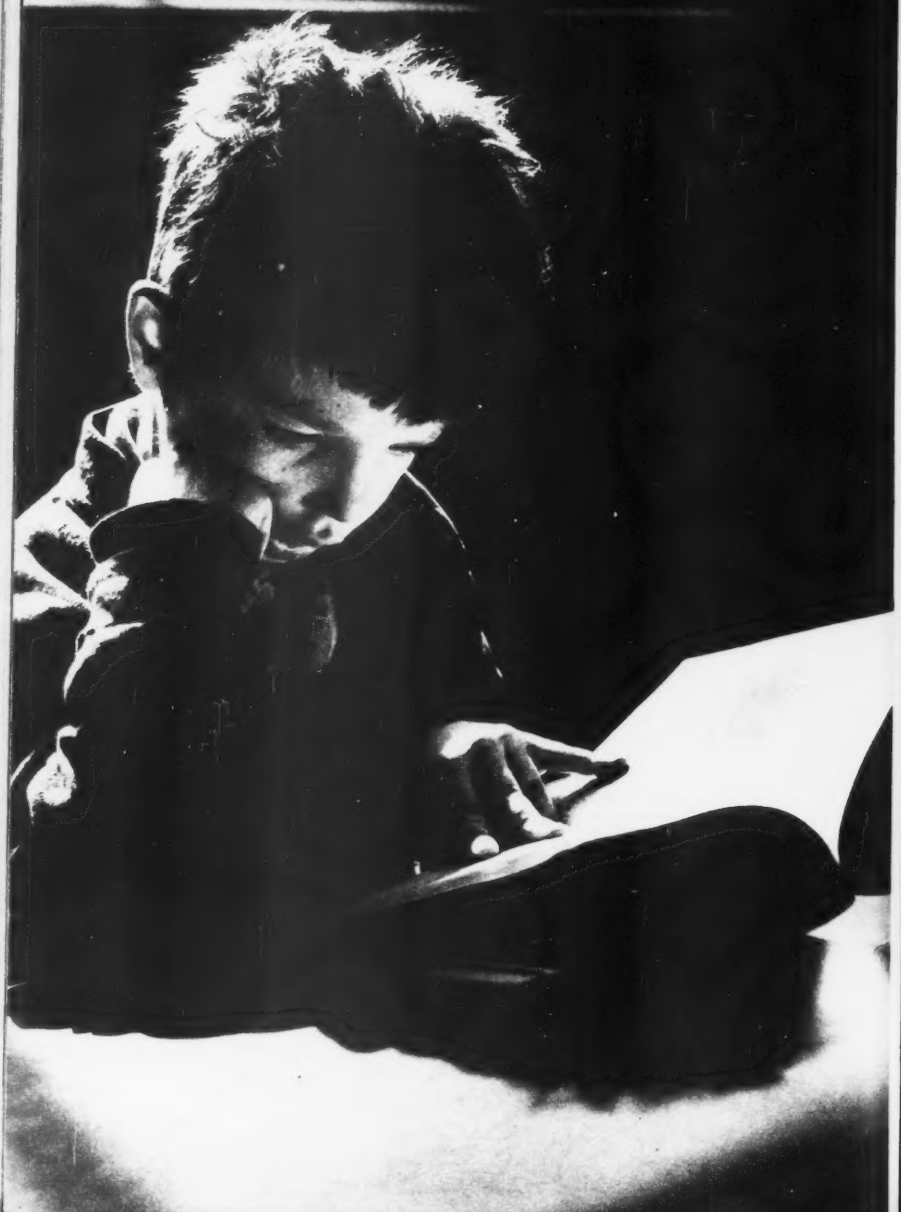
There were untold secrets to be guarded by a crossmark on your heart,
And none more lasting than the next. But, oh, how deep the confidence
Of two allied against the rest, forever—or 'til another made it three.



You scaled the leafy ramparts of the sky, and from a towering throne
Surveyed the kingdom you had won, and were a little taken by surprise
To be the master of the rooftop heights you always thought so high.



You found the greatest magic in the smallest things. Where some might
See a hoop—you saw the globe itself, turning, turning at your touch
And for an hour you were mistress of five continents and seven seas.



Books were merely ornaments that lined the shelves, until one day
The stubborn alphabet they made you learn assembled into words—
And you were soon adrift upon the wondrous seas of written language.



They bought you many dolls, but none more treasured than the first.
A thing of rag, with sawdust stuffed, it held a living heart as real
As your own, and just as deeply touched by laughter or a vagrant tear.



You shared so many things, but there were some not to be touched,
And though you really meant no harm, you learned at last to recognize
That loved possessions were as sacred to another as they were to you.



You found a thousand secrets in the sand, the fascinating flotsam
Of the tides that left their signature by night. And on that shore
A thousand castles could be shaped in moated glory by your hands.



Oh, how long the winter seemed! With snow eternally upon the land,
And only Christmas, with its oasis of light, and bedtime stories
Told before a dying fire, held awhile the shadows of the early dark.



Yet how soon the sun took heart, and lengthened into twilight days,
And from your window you could see the first pale smudge of green
Invade the trees and flow like fresh, new paint across the lawn.



You were so brave—the gallant, gilded steeds upon the carousel
Pranced winningly. And though your smiles soon dissolved in tears,
The terror quickly passed—and you were clamoring to ride again.

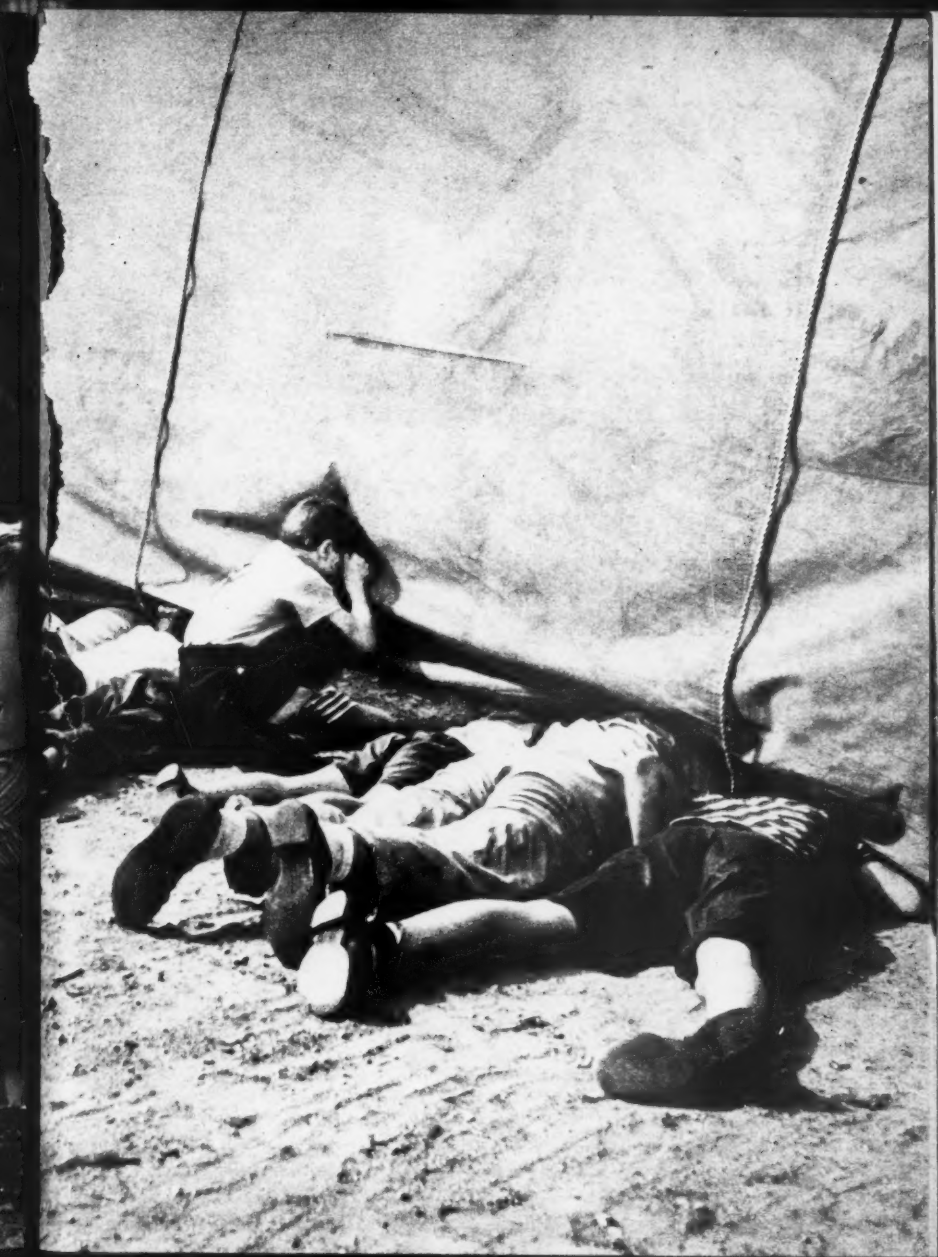


Assurances could not dispel the hurt you were so certain was at hand,
And though the needle's prick was slight indeed, it took the promise
Of a lollipop reward to dry your eyes and see the doctor as a friend.



How proud you were of your first pup! A frightened, sad-eyed
Ball of fur. And yet to you he was the strongest, bravest dog
In the whole neighborhood—and how the fellows envied you!

What
Upon
These



What thrill compared with half-forbidden enterprise? A daring raid
Upon a laden orchard tree—or circus tents you slipped beneath,
These were the spice of the less dangerous pursuits of everyday.



What, in all the world, held more magic than a candle flame?
You watched it dance, and when you breathed, it flickered low
And almost seemed to die before it stood, and lived again.



You heard of God, and said your prayers beside your bed each night,
And thought of Him as some kind Father watching over all the earth.
Until, at last, the deeper meaning of His words became your faith.



ht,
rth,
Beauty took you by the hand, and led you through the maze of spring,
You knew where violets were stars, and daffodils were golden suns,
And all the shady dells where flowers lingered longest in farewell.



Turn back the misty veil of years to dreams atremble on the brink
Of drifting sleep. Oh, how you tried to keep your eyes awake! But
Even lovely fantasies could not withstand the sandman's shadow-spell.



Your days were richly blessed, and in your prayers at each day's end,
You spoke with Him—and asked His blessing on all those you loved.
Knowing He would hear, and safely guard your world from harm by night.



Oh, what a king you were! You dared the challenge of a scaffold beam
As blithely as a knight of old rode out to meet the dragon's breath,
And no one saw your quaking knees, or heard the hammer of your heart



And yet, how small you were! Marooned upon an island of distress,
You could not make them see that you had feelings, too, and they—
With all their smiling tolerance, were only deepening your wounds.



You woke with laughter, and joy stood on the threshold of each day.
You raced through life, embracing on enthusiasm's wing, each hour.
Strung on the magic thread of minutes you could not afford to lose.



On, the ecstasy of simple things! In the wide realm of out-of-doors
You found the playground of your life. And toys, by some enchantment,
Came to be the tiny, living things in a world where you were grown-up.



You always loved to win. But when the game was lost, you learned
To take it with a grin—and pin your hopes on future victories.
And when you won, you learned the lesson of a winner's modesty.



You grew in manhood, finding in the close companionship of friends
The deepest meaning of your youth. And though you knew your paths
Might someday separate, the pals you made would still belong to you.



At first, you could not dress yourself. But slowly, you discovered
That all problems were as simple as the buckling of a shoe, when
Once you set your mind upon the lifelong task of looking after you.



u. You always loved yourself in pretty clothes. But in a turning year,
You found new magic in a ribbon or a yoke of lace—and suddenly
A breathless world awoke within—and you stepped into womanhood.



These were the enchanted years, filled with wonder and delight.
You took each one, and in the happy treasure house of dreams,
You tucked each golden day away, and kept it for your memories.



Real Old Fashioned Goodness!

REAL OLD FASHIONED VALUE, TOO!



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 THAT:

Do you long for preserves with the luscious home-made flavor of the kind your grandmother used to make? . . .

Then buy Ann Page Pure Preserves . . . Juicy-ripe fruit is simmered with granulated sugar to give you real old-fashioned deliciousness. The price is modest, yet you never tasted finer preserves.

Ann Page Foods are made in A&P's own modern Ann Page food kitchens and sold to you in A&P stores. Thus unnecessary in-between expenses are eliminated. The savings made in this way are shared with you!

FRUIT CREAM TREAT

Only 12c* a serving
 thanks to Ann Page

1 pkg. Ann Page Sparkle Vanilla Pudding
 6 lady fingers, split (or cake)

2 cups milk + 1/2 cup cream, whipped

1/2 cup Ann Page Raspberry Preserves

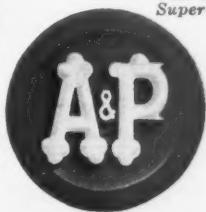
Prepare pudding as package directs; cool. Stir in whipped cream, reserving spoonful for garnish. Turn pudding into serving dish; place cake around pudding as shown. Arrange preserves over top. Garnish with cream and preserves. 6 servings.

CHERRY SURPRISE CUP CAKES

Cut tops off cup cakes. Fill with Ann Page Cherry Preserves; replace tops.

*Cost based on prices at A&P Super Markets at press time

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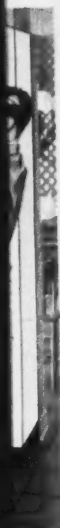
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ONET

Are Husbands Slaves to Women?



by CLAUDE C. BOWMAN

(Professor of Sociology, Temple University)

CORONET offers this controversial article in a spirit of "let-the-chips-fall-where-they-may." Despite Professor Bowman's attack on the "weaker sex," we remain unshaken in our belief that the vast majority of American wives are co-operative, unselfish and intelligent, and are obviously quite essential to man's well-being.

—THE EDITORS.

THE GREAT BATTLE of the sexes is over. Only the last few masculine strongholds remain to be taken, and already they have been breached. Women have won the equality which their grandmothers and great-grandmothers fought for with such spirit. Indeed, they have scored a resounding victory.

And now what? Are women satisfied, at peace with themselves and with men? Are they beginning, quietly and resourcefully, to cultivate their far-flung fields of conquest?

You would never guess it from

what you see and hear. Wherever you turn, the problems of women are being tenderly brought up, delicately phrased, carefully explored and weighed—most of all by women themselves.

Here, then, is a situation unique in history—a conquering army despondently feeling its own pulse while exacting (and surely this is the strangest feature of all) a staggering tribute of sympathy from the very people it has conquered!

Men today are supposed to, and frequently do, devote hours to consoling and placating their victorious but fretful spouses. As a matter of fact, it is the rare modern husband who, just for the sake of getting along with his wife, hasn't had to turn himself into a kind of amateur psychoanalyst.

Meanwhile, what has happened to the problems of these same

husbands? Haven't they got any of their own? You wouldn't think so from the meager attention they get. Yet the routine business of making a living and raising a family was never more difficult than it is today. Men have their problems all right, but most of them have been lost sight of in the fog of problems the New Woman has conjured up.

If you don't believe it, try this simple experiment. Start talking about masculine-feminine relations from the man's point of view and see how far you get. Chances are, you will have to make a special effort to keep the man's problems from dropping out of the conversation altogether.

The real forgotten men are the husbands of the land. Here, for example, is Frank, a typical specimen. After a hard day at the office, he's on his way home in a crowded suburban train. In one hand he holds a pressure cooker (the regular delivery service wouldn't do, because his wife had to have the thing for a club luncheon next day). The other hand hangs limp under the weight of three boxes of salted nuts, bought for the same special occasion. These purchases he has selflessly made at the cost of half his lunch hour.

When at last he reaches his station, he is faced with a 15-minute walk to his house. Marian, his wife, could have picked him up in the car, but Marian is simply loaded down with things to do. So Frank has to leg it home.

His wife is at the door to reward him with a peck on the cheek. Then she launches at once into an account of her day. In the first place, the woman who always makes

those delicious sandwiches for her parties has inconsiderately taken sick! The toaster is in one of its temperamental fits—the electrician promised to come but didn't—so would Frank please fix it?

"I've had an awful day—just awful!" she concludes.

Frank lavishes the last of his energy on his wife. He pets, he soothes, and finally, as an afterthought, she says, "What about your day, dear?"

For a mad instant the idea of really sitting down and telling her about his day occurs to Frank, but he puts it aside and answers heavily, "Oh, it was all right—I guess." Then he goes off to fix the toaster.

FRANK IS NO FREAK: he inhabits modern American society in great numbers. He is well-domesticated and fairly hardy—although there is rapid deterioration after the age of 50. As to his future—well, that's a bit uncertain, for the whole species suffers from gross neglect.

Frank is literally working himself to death while his wife lives in comparative ease. Mortality figures prove it. The average man's life expectancy is five years less than that of the average woman. Frank and his peers, statistics show, are the favorite game of nephritis, pneumonia, diseases of the heart, tuberculosis, ulcers, accidents and suicide.

While they struggle along against these heavy actuarial odds, our long-lived, robust, emancipated women revel in unhappiness. Women themselves say they are unhappy, at the same time cannily resisting anything that looks like a new domestic deal. They don't want things the way they are, but they don't want any

changes. Why should they, considering what they have?

Men today are becoming economic serfs, whose strenuous efforts provide their wives with comforts and conveniences that men themselves have little prospect of enjoying. The higher standard of living toward which the American family is ever striving consists of machines and labor-saving devices, household comforts and services, vacations, new clothes—most of which chiefly benefit women.

Mary and Fred are a typical modern couple. As an electrical engineer, he has been successful enough to earn a fine home, a car, a respected position in his community. You might say that he has given his wife the world, but that isn't enough for Mary. Every evening at 6 o'clock, she expects him to shed the cares of the day and become a gay caballero. Dinner? They can find something in the icebox or eat out somewhere. Housework? Drudgery! Children? Well, maybe, but not until they have a lot more money . . .

Pioneer feminists envisaged the ideal woman as a completely emancipated creature. They might be a little shocked to behold this high ideal in the person of Mary, their lineal descendant and beneficiary of their labors.

Nor would the embattled feminists of old be very proud of Florence, another beneficiary of theirs, who is doing a wonderful job of capitalizing on women's present-day advantages, without giving up any of yesterday's. At social gatherings, she's all hail-fellow-well-met, anybody's equal, but the moment work or responsibility raise their ugly

heads, she becomes the clingiest of old-fashioned vines. These lightening transformations baffle her husband, who knows that whenever there is anything unpleasant to do, he is the one who does it.

When will women begin to admit that their husbands have problems, too? In every field, men are caught in a ceaseless struggle. The boss must be won over slowly but surely. Adjustments and readjustments to fellow-workers take time and energy. Nearer the top of the economic ladder, where the stakes are higher, there may be continual jockeying for position.

You would think that the wives of such men would refrain from adding to their husbands' burdens. Yet, night after night, they offer their long-suffering mates not peace and rest, but brand-new problems.

Recently I took an auto trip with a man who did not intend to complain about his wife. He was really fond of her. But, as he talked, I began to see what he was up against. Nearly every day, she would interrupt his work with a telephoned report of some minor accident or annoyance. At home she would suffocate him with analyses of the deficiencies of the cleaning woman or set him to fixing something she had broken. Regularly each month, her checkbook would be in a snarl, and it would be up to him to straighten it out.

Is it really a man's job to repair electric appliances? Any woman can learn to do it just as well. Not long ago I watched a woman clerk in a supply store deftly fix an electric switch for a male customer. Since women clerks and women in factories easily master the operating

principles of household appliances, why can't wives?

In an earlier period, it was fair enough for a husband to perform household tasks in addition to regular work. Women were so busy cooking, canning, sewing, cleaning and raising a family that they really needed help. But in our time, the housewife's duties have been reduced drastically with the development of restaurants and delicatessens, machine-made clothing, frozen vegetables, telephone services, "ready-mixes," baby sitters and Heaven knows what else.

With her husband, on the other hand, the reverse is true. His role as economic provider has become steadily more difficult. Now *he* is the one who needs aid—and all too often he either fails to get it, or worse still, finds his wife actively lined up with the opposition.

For instance, consider Paul, a high-school teacher who is always finding ways to supplement his meager income. He sells insurance, teaches evening classes, supervises a boys' summer camp. Meanwhile,

Martha, through negligence and ineptitude, is letting the money slip through her fingers.

Women like Martha can help to even the out-of-balance domestic scales simply by doing as good jobs in their homes as have come to be expected of women in business. This is not to suggest a step backward to the old patriarchal family system. The comforts and services provided for a hard-working husband are an investment that pays dividends to the entire family, for he is more than an individual. He is, frequently, the family's sole source of income, so his health and happiness are vital to everybody.

It is a lively awareness of this fact that has led the writer to state his case in a manner which some readers may object to as biased. Taken alone, his case perhaps is biased, but considered in the light of many other articles all biased in favor of women—not to mention the press, radio, television and movies—it has the forlorn, lost sound of a voice crying in the wilderness.

DC-6 on Tiptoes



AT NEW YORK CITY'S busy La Guardia Field, pilots jokingly refer to one flight pattern as the "antinoise approach." This pattern, which takes planes over Flushing Meadow Park, was established following complaints about the ear-splitting, wall-shaking noise caused by giant four-

motored ships landing and taking off over congested home areas.

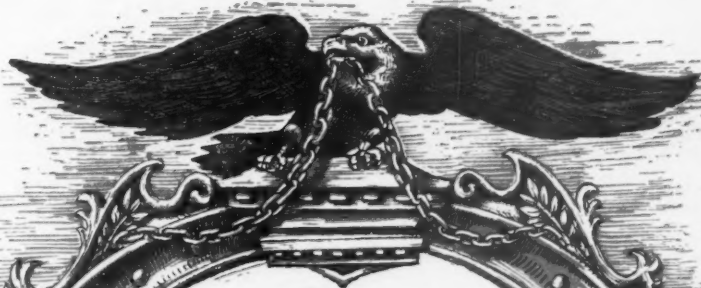
Shortly after it went into operation, the control tower asked the captain of an incoming DC-6: "Are you going to make the antinoise approach?"

"No," came the reply. "But I'll be as quiet as possible!"

—CLAYTON GOING

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

by PEARL S. BUCK



THE ONLY danger
to our country is from within,
that we forget our own power to be
what we want to be. Let no American to-
day take refuge in the willful helplessness which
shrugs its shoulders and says, "What can I do?"

We have the right and the power to make our coun-
try what we want it to be. We are the kind of people that
democracy produces—free, independent in our thought
and behavior, fearless, forthright and kind. I have seen
many peoples of the earth, and it is not only patriotism, I
think, when I say that we possess these qualities to a greater
degree than any other people.

It is not boasting when I say this, either, for like a child
born with great gifts, we have these qualities not by any
effort of ours, but bestowed upon us by our ancestors, by
those brave men and women who came here from other
lands because freedom was essential to them—the free-
dom to worship God as they willed, the freedom to
work and keep themselves and their families
from want, the freedom to believe and to
speak as they believed, the freedom to
live unafraid and at peace, be-
neath the open sky.

WEDDING IN THE WILDERNESS

by THE REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

ONE LATE APRIL AFTERNOON in 1850, a strange wedding party set out from a little Kentucky town. Astride a curiously rigged horse was a young frontiersman in homespun. Behind him, on a specially built second saddle, sat his blushing fiancée. Amid the cheers of the backwoods community, they plodded off toward the log-cabin church of the Rev. Mr. Penney.

As Olive Pratt and Polk Eastman moved through the dusk-shadowed woodland, across the Kentucky River they could see Parson Penney's cabin, its windows radiating

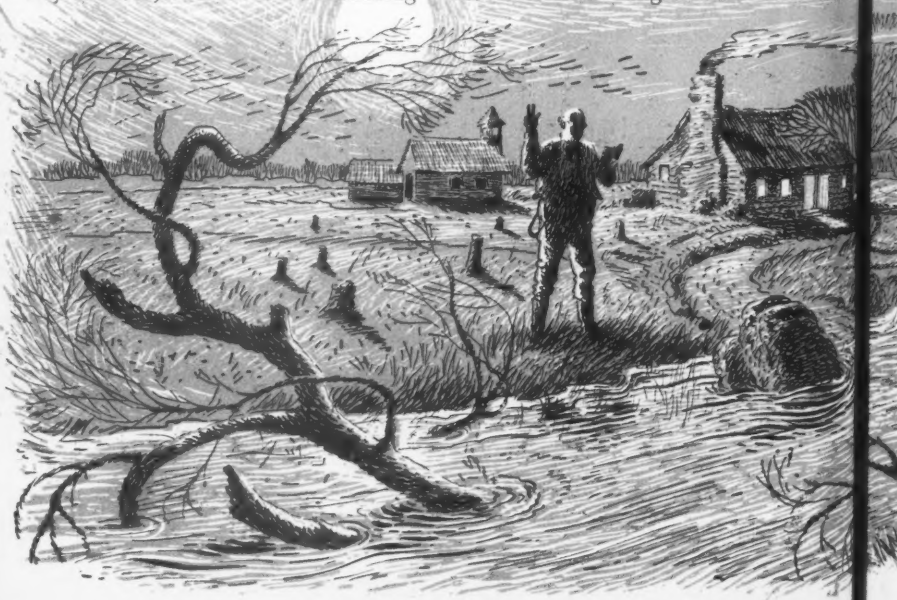
a cheery glow. But the turbulent river, swollen by spring rains, definitely separated the engaged couple from their minister.

"What are we going to do now?" Olive sighed.

Polk looked across the river at the twinkling lights. "Guess we'll just have to go back home," he answered sadly.

"No, we won't!" Olive said firmly. "We'll holler, that's what we'll do! We'll holler!"

While Olive shouted at the top of her lungs, Polk blared away on the cow-horn slung from his shoulder.



der. Breathless, the young couple waited as the cabin door swung open and a burst of light streamed into the night. The parson stood expectantly, a black figure silhouetted in his doorway.

"Who are you?" he called to the pair across the swollen river. "What do you want?"

"We want to get married," the groom shouted. "But the river's too deep."

"What are your names?" the pastor asked.

"Polk Eastman and Olive Pratt," chorused the hopeful pair.

"Humph!" the preacher snorted. "Well, I reckon you'll just have to be married right where you are. Are you ready?"

"We are."

"Do you, Olive Pratt, take that there man over yonder to be your wedded husband, for better, for worse?" the minister continued.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"And do you, Polk Eastman, take that woman there to be your wedded wife, for richer, for poorer, till death do you part?"

"Sure do, elder."

"Then you two over there join your right hands," the preacher went on.

Polk drew his bride into his arms. Each fastened tightly onto the other's right hand.

"Then I now pronounce you man and wife," concluded the iron-voiced parson. "You can go home now, with a clear conscience. I'll make a record of this and my wife will witness it. Good luck to you—and let us pray!"

Polk Eastman lifted the reins and turned the horse's head. A tearful girl buried her head in the rough cloth of her husband's coat. Somehow the newly married couple knew that no more beautiful wedding had ever been held in the land of beautiful Kentucky.



ILLUSTRATED BY J. GRAHAM KAYE



by EDWARD DEMBITZ

Hollywood labors mightily and pays well for movie names with box-office allure

NO COUNT HAS YET BEEN MADE of the number of movie patrons who went to see *The Seventh Veil* in fond expectation that it would combine the most salient features of *Salome* and *Minsky*. It didn't, of course: the veil that was lifted concealed only actress Ann Todd's innermost thoughts.

A more pertinent estimate made recently, however, indicates what producers have long suspected—that one-fourth of all movie-goers select their entertainment solely on the appeal of a film's title. High-powered publicity, star casts, critics' reviews and personal recommendations mean nothing to this phlegmatic 25 per cent. If the title

"sounds pretty good," they pay their money without further ado.

Any businessman will tell you that 25 per cent is a figure to be treated with respect. In the movie industry, it often means the difference between red ink and black. Small wonder that some of Hollywood's highest-paid brains labor mightily over movie titles—occasionally bringing forth a mouse.

Twentieth Century-Fox had a sad experience when it first released *Bob, Son of Battle*, from the book of the same name. This was at a time when war stories were fast losing favor and movie-goers mistook it for a picture about the war. The thousands of dollars al-

ready spent to publicize the title had to be written off, and the opus—about a dog—re-labeled *Thunder in the Valley*, a phrase which suggested intense conflict in a satisfactorily vague manner.

Today, the scientific approach is in the ascendancy among Hollywood studios. Some use Gallup's audience-research service, which may submit a slate of titles for one film to as many as 3,000 persons. Other outfits hold company-wide contests, awarding thousands in cash to the winning employee. And, according to the West Coast grapevine, there are executives who make no final decision before consulting their astrologers.

Many experts believe that the ideal titles are single words like *Spellbound*, *Lifeboat*, or *Possessed*. They do not clutter up the marquee, an important point in these days of double features; they can be read by prospects speeding by in a bus or auto; and they do not impose an unreasonable burden upon the average person's memory.

Perhaps the outstanding exception was a 1939 comedy named *Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President*. The shortest title undoubtedly was *M*, the Peter Lorre melodrama imported from Germany.

A title should give some inkling of the film's contents and if possible bring to mind the featured player. *Spitfire*, starring Lupe Velez, and *Jezebel*, with Bette Davis, were practically perfect.

The title from a best seller or Broadway play is valuable because of association in the minds of millions of potential customers who have already read or heard of the book or play. Some titles have the

double advantage of being familiar quotations.

Readers of the Bible will recall the following passages from the brief but exquisite "Song of Solomon": "The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land . . . Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away . . . Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." Of these four screen titles, two are from Broadway hits.

AMERICAN MOVIE-MAKERS have produced some 70,000 films, and the scramble for titles gets worse each year. The situation had already reached chaotic proportions way back in the era of silent films. As a result, in 1925 the Hays Office organized a title-registration bureau to which most producers now subscribe.

Since 1946, the bureau head has been a woman: Margaret Ann Young, who for many years was a secretary in the organization. The bulk of Miss Young's work consists of minimizing the duplication or similarity of titles. But she also enforces that part of Motion Picture Association of America's Production Code which prohibits:

1. Titles which are vulgar, profane or otherwise objectionable.
2. Titles which suggest or are currently associated in the public mind with material, characters or occupations considered unsuitable for the screen.

Miss Young's job is no sinecure. She must know precisely how the myriad state and local censorship boards react to borderline titles; how to avoid complaints from

guardians of public morals; and how to avoid offense to racial, religious or other influential groups.

Without question, the moving-picture industry's trend is toward conciliation whatever the cost—a result of the increasing criticism directed at it. Anything remotely resembling *double entendre* is taboo. Titles of only a decade ago, like *Fast and Loose*, would be rejected today. The Pulitzer Prize-winning play of 26 years ago, *Hell-Bent for Heaven*, could not be reissued as such.

The registration bureau has 60,000 titles on file, dating back to pre-World War I days. Because titles are so important, there is constant jockeying and horse-trading among the studios for possession of desirable ones.

Each studio is allowed 100 original titles at any given time; this is the active list for pictures planned or in production. If a title is used, another may be added. Protection lasts for one year. A report of new additions is sent daily to all members.

If, for example, a company submitted *State of the Nation* as a title, then M-G-M, which is still showing *State of the Union*, would undoubtedly protest. A year or two from now it might not object.

Each studio is also permitted 250 original titles on a permanent list. These cannot be used by any other member without clearance.

The ban on characters and occupations unsuited for the screen was added to the Code late in 1947. Its avowed purpose was to prevent filming the lives of notorious modern criminals—Capone, Dillinger, Roger Touhy and the like.

Back in 1942 there was a mystery-melodrama film named *Time to Kill*. It would be acceptable now only if it dealt with the passage of time. On the other hand, *A Time to Kill* would be rejected under any circumstances; it implies that there is a proper time for murder. On such delicate nuances do great fortunes hinge, or so frustrated applicants believe.



Of Wine and Women

WHEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, they say he was visited by some temperance ladies who suggested that he christen new ships with soda pop instead of champagne.

"The trouble with you ladies," said Mr. Roosevelt, "is that instead of opposing the christening of a vessel with champagne, you should encourage it. It would be a great temperance lesson."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Roosevelt?" queried one of them.

"Well," he replied, "just remember that after the first taste of wine, a ship takes to water and sticks to it ever after."

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

IN CHICAGO, a woman tavern keeper became highly indignant when a collector inquired whether she planned to file a joint return with her husband. She insisted acidly that she ran a respectable place—"not a joint."

—T. J. McINERNEY

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Pattern for Living

LET US LEARN to be content with what we have. Let us learn to get rid of our false estimates and set up the higher ideals—a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of genius; a few friends worthy of being loved, and able to love us in turn; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion, full of trust and hope and love—and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.

—JOSEPH H. DODSON



ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV REHBERGER

PLAYMATES OF

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

OF ALL ANIMALS, perhaps the most buoyantly playful is the otter. Even when he is old, he appears always game for a frolic; the love of merry sport is inherent in his nature.

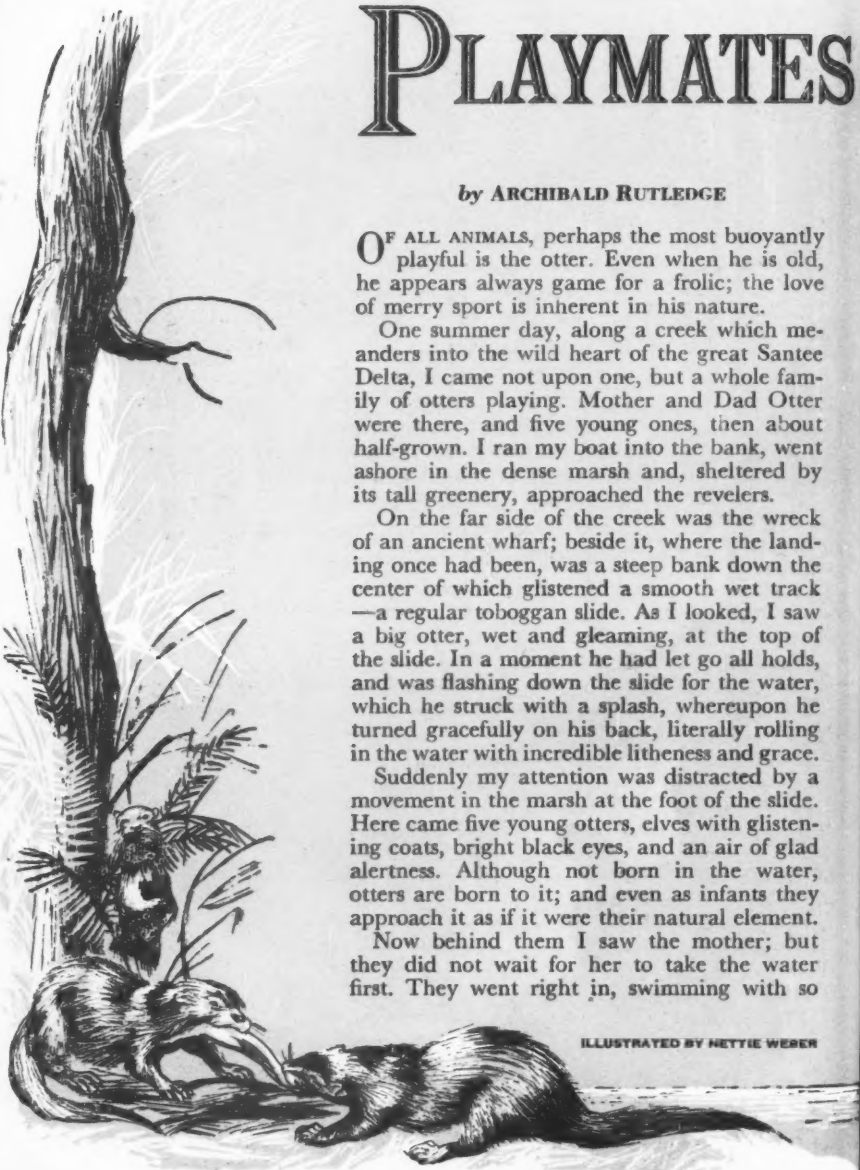
One summer day, along a creek which meanders into the wild heart of the great Santee Delta, I came not upon one, but a whole family of otters playing. Mother and Dad Otter were there, and five young ones, then about half-grown. I ran my boat into the bank, went ashore in the dense marsh and, sheltered by its tall greenery, approached the revelers.

On the far side of the creek was the wreck of an ancient wharf; beside it, where the landing once had been, was a steep bank down the center of which glistened a smooth wet track—a regular toboggan slide. As I looked, I saw a big otter, wet and gleaming, at the top of the slide. In a moment he had let go all holds, and was flashing down the slide for the water, which he struck with a splash, whereupon he turned gracefully on his back, literally rolling in the water with incredible litheness and grace.

Suddenly my attention was distracted by a movement in the marsh at the foot of the slide. Here came five young otters, elves with glistening coats, bright black eyes, and an air of glad alertness. Although not born in the water, otters are born to it; and even as infants they approach it as if it were their natural element.

Now behind them I saw the mother; but they did not wait for her to take the water first. They went right in, swimming with so

ILLUSTRATED BY NETTIE WEBER



S OF THE WILD

little effort as to make the swimming of other creatures seem labored. But they were not going anywhere. They were just out for a lark.

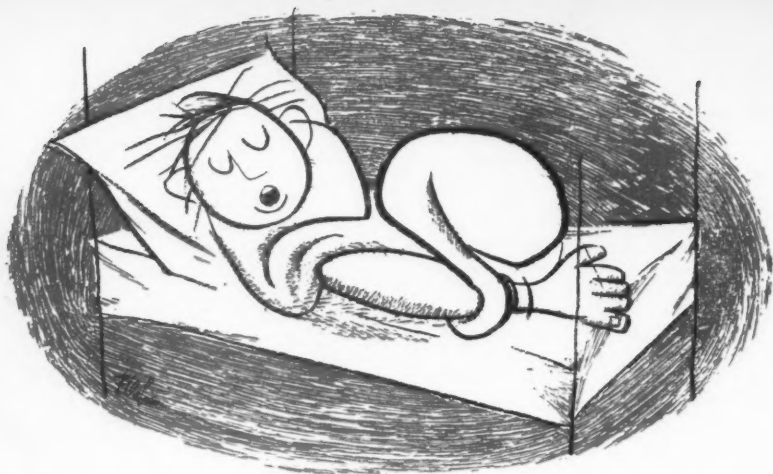
Reaching the middle of the creek, the mother executed a sudden dive, and every little otter followed suit. One heavy furred tail and five small ones gave a flirt in the air, then vanished. As suddenly as they had gone down, they rose; and then the real frolic began. They leaped almost clear of the water, rolled, turned somersaults, swam in swift circles, and dashed with a slithering motion over the surface.

After a time the mother and father swam ashore, where they lay basking. The children played a little longer, then, in the order of their weariness, they returned to their parents. As each came in from swimming, I saw the mother nuzzle it tenderly, stroke its glistening brown fur with her tongue, and gaze upon it with that especial delight that perhaps a mother alone ever experiences.

The otters sunned themselves for ten minutes; then they climbed the steep mudbank. Reaching the top, first one of the old otters, then the other, slid down. Their performances seemed studied, as if they were showing their children how the thing was to be done. The babies crowded to the brink in palpitant excitement. Two slid together; then the smallest of the five came alone; then the last two, comically trying to hold to each other.

If they had been human children, they would have screamed and laughed for joy. They did neither, but I am sure that their joy was just as exciting.





What do you know about Sleep?

by WILLIAM R. MICKA

Chances are, your ideas on the subject are full of misconceptions; check them against this question-and-answer test

ASK THE AVERAGE PERSON about his work, and he will swamp you with details. Ask about his sleep, and if he has anything to say at all, it will probably be wrong.

Yet, sleep is as important to us as work; we devote just as much time to it. In fact, a third of our lives is spent sleeping. Why, then, do we circulate so many old wives' tales about it? The reason is simple: until recently, nobody really knew much about sleep. Now science has made some interesting discoveries. Check your guesses and superstitions against the answers to the following questions:

1. Does sleep use up energy?

Yes. Experiments reveal that a

person expends 0.43 calories per pound per hour while sleeping. And this amount apparently does not vary with the various positions in which the body engages itself. Actually, some people change position 30 to 40 times a night.

2. How much sleep is required by the normal individual?

Six to eight hours of deep sleep in 24 hours are enough for the average person. The exact amount varies with the individual. Sleeping ten to twelve hours may bring on a form of overfatigue.

3. Is sleeping on the left side bad for the heart?

No. None of the positions customary in sleep seems to have any ill effect on the internal organs.

4. Which requires more sleep—the mental or the physical worker?

While mental workers usually re-

quire six to eight hours of sleep, workers in heavy industry, depending again on the individual, sometimes can do with less. But it should be remembered that the effects of too little sleep are always costly.

5. How does drinking coffee at bedtime affect the sleeper?

Scientists at the University of Chicago explored this question not long ago. One night, a group of subjects was given coffee upon retiring. The next night, they were given milk. All of them went to sleep faster the second night.

What did the test prove? The experimental group was under the impression that drinking the coffee the first night had kept them awake. But they didn't know that the milk had been "spiked" with three times the amount of caffeine in the coffee!

6. What are the effects of alcohol on one's sleep?

Alcohol may aid sleep for the first few hours, but it is likely to disturb it for the rest of the night.

7. Is eating before retiring a deterrent to sleep?

Formerly a strict taboo, a snack of easily digestible food before retiring is helpful to slumber. Heavy foods will interfere with sleep, but snacks delay the hunger contractions of an empty stomach.

8. How beneficial is napping?

History tells us that men like Lincoln and Edison seemingly got

by with little sleep. However, they possessed the ability to "drop off" at intervals, and thus refresh their minds and bodies. Recently, it has been revealed that sleeping soundly for two or three hours, awaking for a few hours, then sleeping a few hours more, is equivalent to a good night's sleep.

9. Do insomniacs really lead sleepless lives?

No. They usually get more slumber than they think. While they are lying awake, time is distorted—minutes seem like hours.

10. What is the best way to insure a good night's sleep?

As a rule, an outdoor life automatically takes care of a person's sleeping problems. If it is impossible in your case, then eat something light before going to bed. Try to take your mind off your troubles. Above all, be as physically relaxed as possible. And don't be alarmed if warm baths, which often are recommended as an aid to relaxation, seem to have a contrary effect on you. Many persons are stimulated by them.

While an overabundance of sleep is of no value, lack of it can make people as shaky and unsteady as the alcoholic. Cautious as we are about our health and general well-being, few of us pay proper attention to the one-third of our lives that we sleep away.

Reason Enough



"HOW DID YOU HAPPEN to hit this man?" the judge asked.

"I didn't hit him," the driver

answered. "I stopped to let him go by, and I guess he was so surprised he fainted." —*Pipe Dreams*



ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

The Mysterious Prankster of Paris

by NERIN E. GUN

The hilarious shenanigans of a practical joker have made him the idol of France

ALWAYS RELUCTANT to miss a free show, several hundred Frenchmen recently jammed into the little square before the town hall in Paris' Twentieth District. A sweet, dark-haired bride, her voluminous train borne by a flower girl, had just disappeared into the building. Judging from the limousine parked at the curb, it must be a rich wedding.

The mayor was decked out in his best frock coat and striped trousers. Solemnly the young couple sat down before him to listen to his usual oration about the responsibilities of marriage. Soon the husband-to-be stood up and said politely, "*Monsieur le maire, I have been*

thinking it over. I will definitely not get married this year!"

While the flabbergasted mayor gaped, the young man calmly walked out the door. Cries of surprise arose from the spectators. Then came a triumphant shout:

"But it's *Monsieur Stop!* Stop, *Monsieur Stop!*"

The young man promptly took to his heels, the crowd after him. But when the errant groom was finally caught, there were only smiles. For the young man graciously handed his captor a bright gold coin as bystanders chorused, "*Long live Monsieur Stop!*"

Again the mysterious Stop had

successfully perpetrated one of the many stunts with which he has entertained all Paris for the past three years. Today he is the No. 1 fad of France, a public hero with the combined appeal of Kilroy, L'il Abner and Arthur Godfrey. When his presence is announced in a certain area, tumultuous crowds await his unmasking.

Stop is the brain child of the editor of *Paris-Pressé*. Seeking to counteract circulation gains of its rival, *France Soir*, the newspaper announced that a man disguised as Stop would roam Paris on a given day. Only vague descriptions of him were published. But the man or woman first to recognize Monsieur Stop would be rewarded with a gold louis (about \$13).

Editors predicted a lifetime of two weeks for the stunt, but it shows no signs of abating. Stop has visited 87 towns, distributed 1,473,000 francs, received 187 proposals of marriage and, thanks to his efforts, circulation of *Paris-Pressé* has increased 35 per cent.

The main reason for Stop's popularity is his direct contact with the people. A real-life person, he mingles with crowds and gives them an opportunity to participate vicariously in his shenanigans.

The rules declare he must assume a different disguise and exploit a new angle every day. Yesterday he posed as a race-track driver; today he sells chestnuts in front of the Chamber of Deputies. He may be a fakir crouching on a bed of nails, a wax dummy, an elevator operator, a blind beggar, or a mailman who flirts with janitors' wives.

Since he daily identifies himself with a particular profession, bona

Identity Revealed

FOR THE FIRST TIME in his fabulous career, Monsieur Stop has authorized Coronet Correspondent Nerin E. Gun to reveal his true identity to the American public. The practical joker's real name is Roger d'Almeyras. A journalist and novelist, d'Almeyras fought with the French Army until he was captured by the Germans in 1939. He later escaped from prison camp and returned to fight with the Underground until after the liberation of Paris.

"It was his activity during the Resistance," Gun reports, "which provided d'Almeyras with the opportunity to learn how to disguise himself so effectively."

fide workers in that business are hounded by thousands of curious citizens. One evening Stop wrote in *Paris-Pressé* that he would be a clergyman next day, and when morning dawned all the churches in Paris could not hold the influx of the faithful.

The American Express Company came in for some ribbing from Stop. He phoned the agency and announced: "The Maharajah of Gandhinahoor would like to see the sights of Paris by night!" Furthermore, he said, the Maharajah would require a car and a guide. That evening, dressed in a black uniform coat and enormous turban, Stop, alias the Maharajah, was waiting at the Hotel Scribe.

"I was ushered into an old limousine," the king of practical jokers said. "We traveled at breakneck speed through the streets and boulevards of the Right Bank. The guide

and chauffeur, thinking I spoke only Indian, insulted me all evening. 'Just look at that cluck, what a fool! He doesn't understand a thing. He should have stayed home with his harem.' "

Back at the Hotel Scribe, Stop descended majestically from his car and wished his tormentors good-night in faultless Parisian.

Stop won his greatest fame with an adventure which had all France rocking with laughter. The victim was the august French Academy, symbol of the best in tradition, culture and glory. Its 40 members—known throughout France as "The Immortals"—hold dreary conferences as impenetrable as the Supreme Court.

One day Stop crashed the Academy's imposing palace on the Seine—disguised as a member. No sooner had his presence become known than the dignified meeting degenerated into a farce. Outside, hundreds of gleeful Parisians battled for admission; inside, the poor scholars were smothered by inquisitive visitors and photographers. Meanwhile, the president called his guards and banged futilely with his gavel for silence.

The Monsieur Stop craze has electrified the nation. There is a

Stop song, Stop jazz, Stop cocktails, even a Stop brassiere. Lovers stop in the shadows of subway corridors to demonstrate the Stop kiss. Young men invite girls to dance with, "Would you like to Stop with me?"

The police look grim when anyone reminds them of the time Stop released from the Eiffel Tower dozens of balloons with gold coins attached. The excited crowd, battling for the floating treasure, injured 20 gendarmes.

Stop himself wished some *agents de police* had been present on one occasion. He was strolling through a night club in the tough *apache* section when a young woman called to him, "Let's dance, Stop darling!"

She was amazed when Stop pulled out a gold louis and gave it to her. Everyone applauded the woman's good fortune, until her fiancé suddenly appeared and demanded the coin. The girl refused. Her fiancé looked at Stop and then reached for his hip pocket.

Several *apaches* threw themselves at the angry fiancé, while others rallied to his support. Lamps were smashed, tables overturned, knives flashed wickedly. Monsieur Stop made for the door, prayerfully hoping that, this time at least, no one would cry, "Stop!"



Picture Sentences

In the dawn a tree slowly stretched its limbs and sighed.

Time, the careless laundryman, shrinks many of our ideals.

The tremendous activity of a small boy sitting still.

Little lantern slides of memory, racing across a mental screen.

—*Pipe Dreams*



Junior Hits and Misses

THE YOUNG MOTHER had taken her small son to visit the new home of a friend. As they entered the lovely living room filled with beautiful fragile objects artistically arranged in every available spot, the little boy exclaimed:

"Oh, Mother! Look at all the pretty no-no's." —MRS. DAN HEY

A WOMAN WENT into a store, leaving her large dog outside. Being a friendly dog, he walked up to a small boy on a tricycle and licked his hand.

The kid started screaming at the top of his voice and the woman came rushing out of the store.

"What's the matter, dear? Did my dog bite you?"

"No," the child answered truthfully, "he just sort of tasted me." —ROSE BENNINGTON

A BEVERLY HILLS COUPLE couldn't find a baby sitter the other night, so they talked their son, Junior, 9, into sitting for himself.

"We'll pay you 50 cents an hour," his father explained, "and time and a half for overtime. Overtime will start when you go to bed."

Just as the parents got to their party, Junior phoned that he was in bed and starting on overtime. —IRVING HOFFMAN

JIMMY'S MOTHER had taught him to remember all his relatives when he said his prayers. One night he omitted the name of his favorite aunt.

"But, Jimmy," reminded his mother, "you forgot to say, 'God bless Aunt Sophie and make her happy.'"

"Well, Mom," replied Jimmy soberly, "I don't have to say that any more. Aunt Sophie's engaged." —BERTHA SULMAN

MOTHER WAS ABSENT from the evening meal, so Dorothy, aged seven, sat in her chair and pretended to take her place. The child's solemn assumption of matronly airs annoyed her brother, who challenged her position with the remark: "So you're mother tonight? Well, if you're mother, tell me—how much is six times nine?"

Calmly and without hesitation, Dorothy retorted, "I'm busy; ask your father." —Christian Science Monitor

"THERE IS A WONDERFUL example in the life of the ant," began an unsuspecting kindergarten teacher. "Every day the ant goes to work and works all day. Every day the ant is busy. And in the end what happens?"

"That's easy. Someone steps on him," replied a little pupil promptly. —EVAN ESAR



The volatile Lily and the solemn Andre are one of America's most glamorous couples

PONS AND KOSTELANETZ

First Family of Music

by CAROL HUGHES

LILY PONS AND Andre Kostelanetz, the most famous husband-and-wife team in music, are two of marriage's most famous opposites. All the rules for happy matrimony were tossed away when these temperamental greats got together. Today, the Pons-Kosty team is living disproof of the adage that married folk must have much in common.

True, Lily and Andre have music in common. But there the harmony ends. The rest is elusive, unattainable by casual prying, yet durable in appeal. On the one side there is a barrel of dynamite, sometimes

known as temperament, in yesteryears merely explained as "prima donna," and occasionally recognized today for what it is—showmanship. This side is Lily, the petite, volatile, combustible, outspoken madcap of the Met.

On the other side is Andre Kostelanetz, wrapped in a mantle of conservatism, solemn of mien, immaculate of manners—a man who will never be known as the perennial contestant in a popularity contest. Kostelanetz is the only living personality who ever held firmly in his hand the ignition key to the

sixty-and-one-half inches of explosive Ponsite. Out of this unpredictable, inexplicable combination has come one of America's happiest marital teams.

Since the conductor and the famous coloratura soprano became a team back in 1938, they have shattered box-office records everywhere. They are probably the highest-paid pair in musical history—certainly the best-known. The orbit of their world conjures up pictures of the glittering Met in Manhattan; the Opera House in Rome; Covent Garden in London; Paris and the art of Matisse; the lights in Hollywood Bowl under a million stars, and always the fabulous Lily in ermine and jewels, with solemn "Maestro" Kostelanetz in tails, stiffly bowing and smiling to his audience.

The rumor and legend that extend beyond the Kostelanetzs' way of life also activate the men and women of the small towns, the cornlands and the grasslands, of the seaboard inlets and the Florida Keys—farmers, schoolteachers, clerks, stenographers—all of whom want to see for themselves some part of this spectacle, at least once.

It is Lily who knows all this. It is her awareness that hands them as much of it as she can pack into an hour, a dress, a jewel, an entrance. It is Lily riding an elephant in a St. Louis zoo or rolling through town in a Rolls Royce. And yet, it is also Kostelanetz organizing an orchestra of grimy GIs in the China-India theater of war, expounding with chilly logic the merits of this or that musical score while the big guns are booming close by—it is this strange, amazing contrast of

two great personalities that draws like a magnet and sends box-office receipts soaring.

Theirs is the mating of the cold country, Russia, to the warm country, France. Theirs is a happy, fabulous, riproaring way of life with pomp and glory. Plain ordinary millionaires may bemoan the shortage of servants, but not Lily and Kostelanetz. Their household is filled with servants.

There is the annual trek to France. There are quiet little dinners with the Shah of Persia, and cocktail parties with the Aly Khan. Theirs is a life of glitter, money and fame. They work hard, earn a lot, and live gloriously. They are, indeed, the perfect celebrities.

While it is generally known in the music world that it is Kostelanetz who holds the gentle reins in their household, no one has ever held a check on Lily when she is in the role of "Opera Star." With her, every move is a major production, and a great entourage of people are at work to make it so.

When she drives to Pennsylvania Station to board a train, her town car rolls with a liveried chauffeur and her three Tibetan poodles, Wah-ping, Shun-lo and Gobi, ensconced by her side. And as Lily and the Rolls roll by, there is no doubt about who is passing. Her name is prominently displayed on the license plate.

When Lily goes on a concert tour, the trip is a nightmare to all but herself. Serenely, La Pons sets forth with her personal tour manager, Humphrey Douless; her accompanist, the American composer Frank La Forge; her personal flutist, Versaci; her personal maid; some-

times a personal press representative; usually her mother; and of course the three dogs on a leash whirling Lily through crowded waiting rooms. Behind her trail three porters with 12 suitcases—all for Lily.

Inside are fabulous dresses from Paris, a fortune in jewels, sable and mink, along with curtains, lamps, pictures which Lily must have to adorn her temporary dressing quarters in Timbuktu, or the Gulf bayous. To see Lily arrive in the lobby of any hotel in the country is worth the price of admission to a Met performance. Lily knows it. And she likes it.

Strange as it may seem, this fabulous show isn't at all vital to Lily's personal life. She can do very well without it, and often has. At heart, Lily is a warm and faithful friend to hundreds of people in all walks of life. At the Metropolitan, she is more often found munching a lunch backstage with an old trouper than visiting with the top performers.

Her fans are legion, and often remote, yet Lily is faithful to them. Once, in New Mexico, she missed an old man who had showered his adoration on every Pons appearance. When he was absent at one performance, Lily learned that he was ill. After the curtain fell, she set out with her car and manager to pay him a visit.

He lived in a shabby hut miles out in the desert. Lily found it and, dressed in a Paris gown and sables, she sat on a rickety chair and sang for the bedridden old man.

When she traveled through the fighting zones in World War II, she washed her own clothes, ironed them, used GI showers, and was

never happier. And though Lily is not above dining on pheasant under glass at Maxim's in Paris, there is nothing Kostelanetz likes better than the days when she dismisses cooks and butler, dons an apron, and prepares a cozy little dinner for the two of them.

IN CONTRAST TO this paradoxical and vivacious prima donna stands Andre Kostelanetz. The distinguished conductor is five feet six inches tall, with dark thinning hair. It is impossible not to watch Kosty's blue eyes. When he is interested or angry, they flash with a steely quality that defies description. His musicians have become familiar with this changing color; when it appears, there are no indifferent performances.

In contrast to the genuine warmth and devotion that Lily inspires in her cohorts, Kostelanetz inspires hard work, respect, and a faithful devotion to duty. He has an obstinate objection to wearing his heart or his personal life on his sleeve. Even after 22 years of being an American, he considers that publicity is a lot of unnecessary rigmarole unless in the hands of a competent critic discussing a performance.

To some, his grave manner and mien are taken as domineering self-assurance, and half of that is right. Andre is definitely self-assured. To the casual observer of his concerts, he is standoffish and not to be approached after the performance. To Kostelanetz, that means courtesy.

Kosty, then, is a strange mixture—a man of good spirits and good talk, an excellent host, a person who commands respect from every-

one within range, and yet a man of such warmth that his high romance with Lily Pons reads like a fairy tale from the days when knights were bold.

Americans can well forgive Kostelanetz his desire for privacy, in view of the debt owed to him. While other American conductors looked condescendingly upon our own contribution to music as though they involved a slumming expedition, Kostelanetz began treating the popular tunes of this country with the same serious approach he brought to Tchaikovsky, Beethoven and Brahms. The American debt to Kostelanetz since 1928 lies in the fact that, today, Toscanini conducts Gershwin; Heifetz plays Berlin; and Pons, Swarthout and John Charles Thomas continually include Kerns, Rodgers and Youmans on their programs. In short, American music has come of age; and a great part of this is due to the fact, that, in a record shop 4,000 miles away, a young Russian musician heard an Irving Berlin tune and knew instantly that he had discovered a whole new world. And this, too, emphasizes a singular difference in the Pons-Kosty marital team.

Andre was born in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), where his family was very wealthy, very old, and very conservative. The children were taught exclusively by tutors. When young Andre showed an aptitude for music, he was fed music

hour after hour, year after year.

During the days when Kostelanetz was pounding away his childhood at the keyboard, Lily Pons was living in Paris, and also studying piano at the Conservatory of Music. Later, she turned to singing and studied with the famed vocal teacher, Alberti de Gorostiaga. Her debut established her at once as one

of the great coloratura sopranos. After only two professional appearances in Europe, she came to America to audition at the Met and won an immediate contract. Lily was one of America's most famous "bachelor girls" for a long time—and she liked it that way, until Kosty came along. The romance of this fabu-

lous team was typical of the Lily showmanship. Because (as Lily puts it) "I am feeckle-minded," she gave Kosty a run for his money, and the international cross-continent courtship is probably the most expensive on record. Lily, however, was not fickle at all. She was smitten the first time she looked at Kosty.

When Lily walked on the stage for rehearsal as a guest performer on the Chesterfield program, Kostelanetz was conducting. As usual, Lily expected to run the show. However, at rehearsal she discovered to her surprise that Kostelanetz was running the show. *He told her.* She sang to his direction, and to music as he played it.

After the show, Lily accepted an invitation for supper, and found

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that Kosty did the ordering and arranged things as he saw fit. Here was a man who obviously respected her talent, enjoyed her singing, but was not the least impressed with her role of "Opera Star." To the Lily of the Met, whose word was law in opera houses around the globe, this was rank insubordination. Yet, to her amazement, she forgot she was Pons and enjoyed herself.

When Lily was deposited at her door that night, she was already smitten. She swore secretly at the fates that would take her next day to Hollywood for 13 weeks. She doubted that her impression on this particular man had been so vivid that his heart would palpitate for 13 weeks in New York while she did a picture on the coast.

Two days after she arrived, she received a phone call. Kostelanetz had flown in to see her. The following week the same thing happened, and for 13 weeks thereafter, in a record for expensive courtship, Kosty flew 6,000 miles to spend two days with Lily. But after 13 proposals, she still said "No."

Lily sailed for Paris, leaving Kosty in New York. "I was hooked," she says, "but eez fun—this courting." When Lily arrived in Paris, Kosty took over the cables. One day Lily's mother found a pensive Pons trying to hide a picture under her pillow. She said: "So?" The game was up. Lily said yes, just as she had meant to do all along.

Today, wherever they give a concert, or wherever Lily gives a performance, the routine is the same. Kostelanetz examines his baton, checks his music, holds a rehearsal, and manages to eat a huge meal. Lily is somewhat less calm. For years the petite prima donna has suffered acute attacks of "mal de mer" (seasickness) for two days before each performance. But after the concert, Lily heads for the nearest place that serves the largest steaks with lots of garlic, and proceeds to eat a truck-driver's meal, while Kostelanetz, already well-fed, watches the performance in awe.

The Pons-Kosty apartment at 10 Gracie Square in New York is a showplace of art and beauty. In the summer, they occupy a beautiful home at Silvermine, Connecticut, which also houses Lily's testy parrot, Polly, the despair of the servants, and a complete aviary of South American birds.

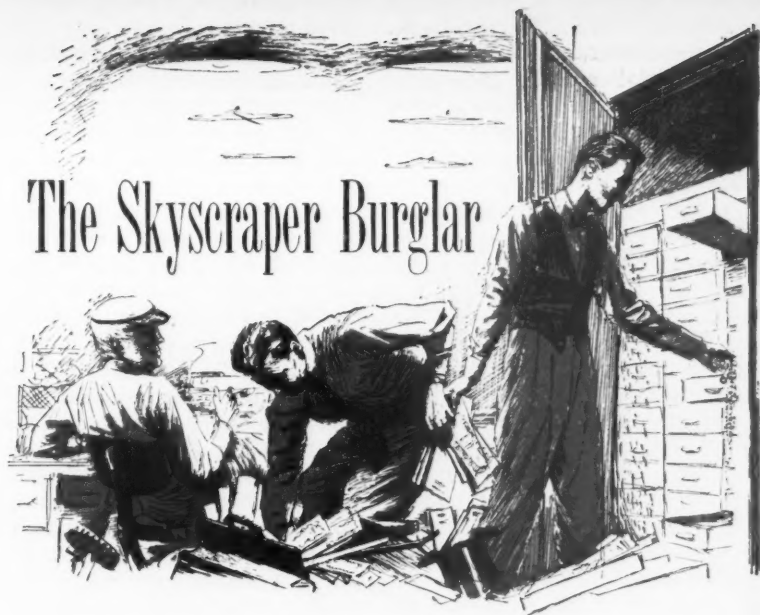
Kostelanetz's activities take him into concert halls around the globe. He has been guest conductor of every major symphony orchestra in the United States. And meanwhile, Lily has won immortal fame in *Lakme*, and made the *Bell Song* a national byword for high notes.

As one critic in Denver wrote: "It takes a Pons and a Kostelanetz to prove how good our country is. There isn't a spot on the globe that doesn't covet them. But fortunately for us, we *have* them."

Timely Tip

For April *The Old Farmer's Almanac* warns: "Look to your fences and your daughters. Spring's here!"

The Skyscraper Burglar



by LLOYD WENDT

He stole a million dollars in his fantastic career, but a petty theft was his undoing

ON MARCH 20, 1916, READERS of the Chicago *Herald* blinked at the following advertisement in the personal column:

To the Victims of Burglaries, Larcenies, Robberies and other crimes, and all detectives: for the seventh time I have been falsely accused and discharged. I want a chance to live peacefully, without being torn from my family and kept in jail. So if you will please notify my lawyers, I will confront anyone that wants to look at me. —MELVILLE E. REEVES

The young man who inserted this notice was known to the police of Chicago and other cities as "The Skyscraper Burglar," the smartest second-story man in the business.

Arrested seven times on charges ranging from petty larceny to murder, and accused in a dozen other cases, Reeves had never been convicted of anything.

A dapper, sad-eyed little man who combined the talents of a Raffles and a Jimmy Valentine, Mel Reeves was driving police and private detectives frantic. No one, however, responded to the challenge he inserted in the *Herald*. He had caused the police to look ridiculous often enough.

Just a few days before, he had been cleared of a murder charge in connection with the robbery of the Addison State Bank at Addison, Illinois, although three witnesses

positively identified him as one of the robbers who raided the bank.

But the Skyscraper Burglar produced official records indicating that he was in jail in Chicago on that day. Just how Reeves managed to falsify the records has never been explained, but the accomplishment is no more remarkable than many of his other exploits.

Reeves went on to plague police of Chicago, New York, St. Louis, Cleveland and other cities for almost 20 years, running his total thefts to more than a million dollars. He took pride in the fact that he robbed only the best families, the biggest corporations. Once, when accused of robbing Mrs. J. Ogden Armour, he insisted that the gems she lost, worth a few paltry thousands, weren't worth his time.

"Mrs. Armour was wearing sapphires and they're hard to get rid of," Reeves said candidly. "I stick to diamonds. They're easy to sell."

REEVES BEGAN HIS CAREER as a pharmacist's assistant on Chicago's near North Side. After a few months, he decided he was underpaid and started making up the deficit from the cash register. One morning he forgot his keys to the store and gained entrance by picking the lock. This gave him an idea.

He began picking locks of other stores and selling his loot to a fence. Soon, Reeves gave up his drugstore job to devote himself to full-time thievery. As a cover for his criminal activities, he opened his own office, The Quick-Glos Polishing Company, and hired bright young men to sell furniture polish. His employees were instructed not to close any sales, however. Reeves reserved

that chore for himself, and with good reason.

Following the leads provided by his sales staff, Mel visited Loop offices and expensive North Side homes, presumably to sell polish but actually to select likely spots for burglaries. Back in his office, he would sketch the position of furniture, windows and safe. Then, with an assistant, he would revisit the place by night and rob it.

On one such foray, Reeves was busy at the safe when the charwomen arrived. He halted his work, went to the door and politely told the women they would have to wait until he finished.

Some time later the dapper burglar emerged from the office, followed by his assistant, whose arms were laden with packages. Reeves carried only his kit of burglar tools. He was wearing a blue pin-striped suit, a belted overcoat, an English bowler hat, chamois gloves and pointed tan shoes, and carried a malacca cane.

"All finished," he told the charwomen. "You can go on in now."

Next day a \$10,000 jewel theft was reported. Police questioned the charwomen and knew immediately that the man they described was Reeves. But Mel and his partner had an alibi.

The malacca cane Reeves carried so dashingly was no mere affectation. It had a special hook for opening the double doors popular with offices and stores at the time.

Getting into the average office building by night was simple, since registration of after-hours visitors didn't start until years later—at Reeves' suggestion. His cane was usually sufficient to open a door,

but if prior inspection indicated a lock might be troublesome, he merely had an accomplice hide in the building before closing time.

Once inside, Reeves and his helpers picked the lock of the office door, turned on all the lights and went to work.

"If you roll up your sleeves and put a pencil behind your ear, you can rob any office without trouble," Mel once told the police.

In one period of a few months, he was accused of complicity in the \$3,000,000 Sinclair Oil robbery in New York, the Dearborn Station mail robbery in Chicago, a Council Bluffs, Iowa, mail robbery, and burglaries in St. Louis and Cleveland. But nothing could be proved.

ABOUT THIS TIME, Mel married a pretty Chicago store clerk who knew the source of his income. He loaded her with furs and jewels, and the girl couldn't resist displaying her finery to former friends at the store. Some of the jewels had been described in a newspaper report of a robbery, and a girl clerk recognized them. She notified police.

Officers went to the Reeves apartment in Rogers Park. They pounded on the door, and when there was no response, let themselves in just as the comely Margaret was emerging from her tub. She sued the officers for \$75,000, asserting she had suffered that amount of humiliation, but the case was eventually settled for some \$2,000. By that time, police had lost interest in the source of Margaret's gems.

In April, 1920, Reeves got into trouble when he was suspected of the theft of \$150,000 in government bonds. The bonds were found in a

cab where, detectives learned, they had supposedly been left by a pretty cashier in a Loop barbershop, who was known to be friendly with Reeves. She told the officers that Reeves had given them to her.

"Me give negotiable bonds to a woman?" Mel scoffed. "If I had them, I'd cash them myself."

The bonds were returned and the police satisfied. Not Margaret, however. She discovered her husband had several friends, his current favorite being a show girl to whom he had given quantities of jewels.

Margaret caught up with her rival in the famous Peacock Alley of a Chicago hotel, and promptly began ripping off the girl's clothes and gems. When house detectives parted them, Margaret had triumphantly recovered \$10,000 in jewelry, and the show girl had promised to stay away from Mel.

The resulting publicity caused Reeves to decide on a quieter way of life. He built an ornate house in the prim suburb of Kenilworth and formed a partnership with "Honest John" Worthington, also known as "The Wolf of La Salle Street," a Chicago broker who specialized in stolen securities.

Shortly after this combination was created, government agents found stolen bonds and gems in "Honest John's" office, and accused him and Reeves of operating a robber trust. Worthington, who had done time in New York prisons for embezzlement, was sentenced to federal prison, but Reeves again went free.

William E. Webster, head of the Pinkerton Detective Agency in Chicago, wearily decided to try a new tack on the little burglar and ar-

ranged a meeting. "Mel," Webster began in friendly fashion, "Why don't you quit? I know you're guilty of half a hundred thefts. Sooner or later I'll put you in the jug."

Reeves raised his innocent brown eyes. "I only steal from corporations," he said at last, "and from rich people who can afford it."

"What about that last job?" Webster demanded. "You got \$25,000 in bonds, but you also took the jewelry in the vault. That jewelry belonged to a \$30-a-week clerk who inherited it from her grandmother. You call that stealing from the rich? You're a bad man, Reeves, and you're going to die in jail."

A few weeks later, \$30,000 in bonds were stolen from the American Car and Foundry Company at Michigan City, Indiana. But the pay envelopes made out for the employees had not been touched.

Webster, called into the case, shook his head. "This is Reeves' work," he declared grimly. But Mel had his usual alibi.

For several months, Reeves carefully avoided taking property of the poor when he robbed. If he inadvertently made a mistake, he mailed back part of the loot.

The number of Chicago office robberies diminished and wealthy owners of swank apartments along the Gold Coast were victims of a series of burglaries. Servants were obviously working with the burglars, and detectives suspected a certain blonde maid named Frieda. But when they sought to question her, Frieda had disappeared. Detectives were not surprised to find that she had been one of Reeves' many female friends.

Finally, the Gold Coast burglaries stopped and police heard that Mel was operating a chicken ranch near Glenview, northwest of Chicago. This failed to prosper, the stock-market crash in 1929 wiped out much of his stolen fortune, and in 1932 Reeves returned to the only trade he really knew, burglary.

But times had changed: his confederates were gone; his once-dazzling technique had become antiquated. One day, clutching stolen stamps worth \$53, he was arrested in a Loop building. For this petty crime, one of the most spectacular burglars of the century was sent to Joliet Penitentiary. And there he died in 1938, just as Detective Webster had predicted.

What's in a Name?

A LARGE SOUTHERN pickle manufacturer was happy indeed, recently, to take on a young man from Rolling Fork, Mississippi, as salesman. His name? You guessed it—Dill L. Pickle. —MILDRED QUAGLIANO

AMONG THOSE WHO FAILED to get the job of Colorado liquor-law enforcement officer was Ryland A. Drinkwine. —JOAN PARKINSON

THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE of a small town in New Mexico does a brisk business marrying starry-eyed out-of-town couples who come there just for that purpose. The name of the town? Loving. —DAVID J. THOMAS

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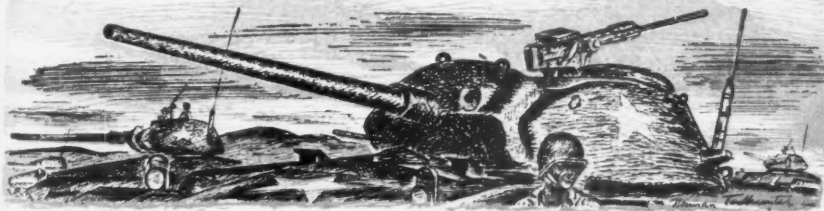
DISASTER Through Air Power

by MARSHALL ANDREWS

THIS IS AN ULTRA-TIMELY, a startling, and a coldly angry book. Basically, the author's theme is that the American people are being hoodwinked by the Air Force. With frightening evidence, he launches a powerful and logical attack on the myth that, in another global war, America could win an easy victory through air power. For the myth, he would substitute a balanced military establishment composed of air, sea and land forces, plus a proper definition

of the functions of each.

Marshall Andrews is a veteran member of the Washington *Post* editorial staff. In 20 years of newspaper work, he has been Aviation Editor of the *Post*; observer of U.S. Army ground and air maneuvers at home and abroad; author of the book, *Our New Army* (1942); and was on active duty with the Army in both World Wars, most recently as Regimental Intelligence Officer, 1943-46, with the 42nd (Rainbow) Infantry Division.



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DISASTER Through Air Power

by MARSHALL ANDREWS

AT THIS MOMENT, when an excessively costly war of nerves is being waged throughout the world, the American people must decide whether they will win or lose the war of violence which well may follow. This decision is no simple one; the issues have been so beclouded by wishful thinking, vigorous propaganda and political considerations that they are scarcely visible even to many of those people most concerned with them.

Nothing but complete absorption into the victor's political and economic system lies ahead for the loser in any future war. Yet American thought on total war has been diverted from the living truths of organized conflict. That these truths apply now as surely as they ever did was amply demonstrated by World War II, which actually consisted of two wars, one on land and one at sea.

In Europe a land war was fought, supported logistically by sea, in which the fighter and tactical bomber plane were decisive factors. The European war was won only when the enemy's land armies were pursued and defeated and his political structure collapsed. That is the classic aim and the classic result of land warfare.

In the Pacific, a naval war was fought, in which aircraft were fleet

weapons and in which ground forces were decisive by seizing the land bases without which neither the fleet nor land-based aircraft could have operated. That war was won, with a major part of the enemy's land army intact, when his sea-borne lifeline had been destroyed and slow strangulation had set in. And that, in turn, is the classic aim and classic result of sea warfare.

These facts have been submerged in a flood of propaganda designed to convince the public that air power won both wars. And now this same propaganda has been directed to the purpose of substituting for the military truths a single doctrine based upon a single weapon.

This doctrine is strategic air power, and its weapon is the airplane. Proponents of air power have never been able to offer more than beautiful theory, in which is contained the vision of military success without fighting in the mud. But this vision is so attractive that the American people want to accept the theory behind it and, by the millions, do accept it—without proof and in the face of much evidence that it will not work.

Anyone who presumes to point out that strategic air power has never had anything to offer but theory is told to stop bothering modern thinkers. If he persists, he is vilified and ridiculed.

It appears now, however, that in

their delusion of invincible domination, the air-power zealots have overreached themselves. They have made the error of translating their theory into something tangible: the B-36 bomber. Whereas debate on the air-power theory was in large part academic, the B-36 and its performance can be attacked factually and taken to bits.

Military policy which has collapsed because of dependence on a single weapon is not new in history. The plane, however, is unique in two respects: not only has no new weapon ever assumed the commanding position now held by the plane, but never before has one been the heart and soul of a complete military doctrine.

There are many reasons for the rapid emergence of the plane, of which these are but a few:

First, technical development of the plane, because of its peacetime usefulness, has exceeded that of any other previous weapon of comparable complexity.

Second, its speed and range appear to offer an easy answer to the natural human desire to win wars without fighting.

Third, the plane and the doctrine which has grown up about it have long had the support of great numbers of enthusiastic propagandists, both within and without the military service. The fact that some of them have a power or profit axe to grind is never made apparent.

Fourth, World War II amply demonstrated the awful destruction of which the plane is capable.

As a matter of fact, strategic air power emerged from the war having demonstrated itself to be an incredibly expensive method of

achieving indecisive results. Its contribution was not victory, as promised, but destruction on so vast a scale that Europe was beggared and placed on relief at the expense of the American taxpayer.

In that situation lay the material for a realistic reappraisal of the value of strategic bombing and its reassignment to a more suitable place in the military structure. But unexpectedly the air-power theory received a shot in the arm: the atomic bomb put it back on its feet.

Thus, strategic air power and the bomb have become Siamese twins. And upon this mutual dependency hangs so much that is vital to so many in industry, politics and the military service that life must constantly be pumped into both the bomb and the air-power theory. The pump is propaganda and there are plenty of willing hands to operate it.

Many newspapers and magazines will give no hearing to any viewpoint other than the air-power party line. The public rarely hears any dissent from the theory that victory will ride on the wings of the bombing plane. And members of Congress, reflecting the popular will, vote with enthusiasm for air power at the expense of other means of warfare.

World War II proved in every instance that strategic bombing was costly out of all proportion to results attained. *Tactical* employment of aircraft, on the other hand, was certainly decisive in the European Theater and preponderantly useful in the others. It was German employment of tactical aircraft in the amazing 1940 sweep through France and the Low Countries which

aroused the American public to demand expansion of its own air forces. The Air Corps turned this demonstration of the power of tactical aviation, which it held in low esteem, into an argument for building up the strategic air force which it wanted very badly.

In this process of empire building, the failure of German strategic air power over Britain was carefully overlooked. The Air Forces spent nearly 50 billions to prove again that, under strategic bombing, enemy production increased, civilian morale was hammered into fiercer resistance, and the infantry finally had to fight its way through blasted cities to defeat enemy armies.

The atomic bomb, on the other hand, burst upon the military scene in such fantastic fashion that it frightened out of its wits the very nation which had devised it. Yet the atomic bomb has been used only twice on military targets, both of which were unprotected, and twice on anchored fleets, purposely disposed to receive calculated damage for experimental reasons.

What effect the atomic bomb would have on modern cities, nobody actually knows. In a recent book, R. E. Lapp has calculated the probable effect on New York City of a bomb exploded 1,000 feet above 42nd Street and Broadway. He figures that buildings within a 1,500-foot radius would be demolished, those 1,000 feet farther out would be severely damaged, and those another 2,000 feet away would be moderately damaged.

But Lapp points out that damage in many cases would be the result of extreme height of buildings, and

that persons in the subway directly beneath the zero point would be safe, while those on the lower floors of buildings farther out would also be safe because they would be *shielded* by intervening structures.

Furthermore, the time will come when atomic and other explosives will be conveyed to the target in unmanned guided missiles, operating at supersonic speeds. Or target-seeking missiles of great speed and range will be developed for use against incoming aircraft. With either eventuality, the long-range bomber will be as dead as the dodo, and manned aircraft will be forced into their truly useful role as part of the infantry-artillery-tank team.

There is in military history no precedent for the manner in which the plane has become the basis for a doctrine amounting almost to a new religion. Its devotees speak reverently of the "air age," as if this were more an "air age" militarily than a tank age, a bazooka age, a jeep age, a carrier age, or a submarine age. The military capabilities of the plane are immense indeed, but they are not exclusive of other means of warfare, and to accept them as such would be to place in jeopardy the *balanced* military team upon which victory must surely rest.

It is customary to explain the fierce zeal of the air-power priesthood by recounting aviation's slow progress under Army control between the two World Wars, and the paucity of equipment then doled out to it by the Army. This argument overlooks the inherent limitations of early aircraft and engines, and the time required for

experimentation by which they were gradually widened.

On top of that, while the Air Corps was busy blaming the Army for alleged neglect, it was using every means to steal the Navy's aviation and take over a vital Navy function. There can nowhere be found any precedent for this assault on a sister service, which has not been halted by "unification" but rather intensified.

Strangely enough, the Army, consciously or not, has been a foremost ally of the Air Force in the latter's seizure of power. In its anxiety for unification, the Army compromised itself out of the picture, and left the Air Force free to expand its empire at the expense of the Army, and to drive the Navy into a corner where it now hovers over its own aviation like a mother hen sheltering her brood.

An Army which has permitted itself to be relegated to a secondary role in war, as guards for Air Force bases and an "occupation force" following air-power victory, has destroyed the aggressive spirit vital in land warfare. Should war come, there are hundreds of young Army officers who would be tossed into the holocaust of ground combat, spiritually, physically and militarily unprepared to survive the ordeal.

The Problem

UNLIKE PAST WARS, World War III would not begin as a geographically limited conflict. It would be total war from the outset, and preparations to win it must also be total from the outset. This fact is the hard core of any realistic doctrine.

The Soviet objective in the cur-

rent "cold" war is clear: to strip the U. S. step by step of potential allies and sources of strategic materials. In the face of this threat, U. S. policy demands:

1. Containment of the aggressor by all peaceable means.

2. Allies capable of assisting in peaceful containment, if possible, and of prosecuting a successful war, if necessary.

3. Armed forces adequate to deter the aggressor from making war and of assuring victory at the least possible cost, should war occur.

In carrying out these aims, the U. S. has:

1. Placed in effect the Marshall Plan and the Truman Doctrine, and held onto Berlin at the tremendous cost of the airlift.

2. Ratified the North Atlantic Alliance.

3. Maintained a four-year monopoly of the atomic bomb, but failed to keep in being military forces capable of enforcing the aims of policy should this monopoly end.

Now that the Soviet Union is known to have achieved atomic fission, the weight of maintaining the peace falls squarely upon the unready military forces of the Atlantic Pact nations. And the altered situation calls for utmost speed in the bolstering of these forces to the point where they can maintain this weight.

As it is, the U. S. stockpile of bombs will, for some time yet, deter Russian aggression. But Russia need not surpass or even equal this stockpile to take the calculated risk of war. The USSR requires only a sufficient supply of bombs to render Allied political and industrial paral-

ysis probable, if they can be delivered to their targets.

Two other factors should be given due weight: Russian confidence that she has the means to prevent delivery of the bomb over her own territory, and a Russian decision to accept atomic bombing at home in favor of greater gains elsewhere. In any event, the Red Army has been forced into proper focus, and the inevitability of an ultimate decision on the ground is becoming clearer. Certainly no victory can be achieved by an exchange of atomic blasts which might well beat both combatants to their knees at home, but would leave the primary fighting strength of one intact outside its homeland.

The problem is further complicated by the fact that the U. S. will never be a party to aggressive war, a fact which hands Russia the initiative at the outset. Russia, not the Allies, would determine when and where and how the first blow would fall. It would be naïve to assume that the Russians would abandon the type of warfare in which they are strongest in favor of one which would leave their finest weapon, the Red Army, idle on the side lines.

There can be no question, therefore, that a war with Russia would be a land war from first to last, fought by the Allies at the end of

long sea-borne lines of communication. It is this fact which must be made the basis of U. S. military doctrine. Any other concept rejects reality, and might well lead to a fatal dispersion of effort and resources.

In stating that a war with Russia would be a land war, there is no intention of canceling out air power. Undoubtedly air action would occur at the outset, possibly in the form of air strikes at Allied bases and industry, with prompt retaliation against those of Russia and her satellites.

Even so, on Russian D-day, Soviet armies would strike westward in an effort to overrun Western Europe and reach the Channel. Probably they would take a lesson from the Nazis and attempt to swallow up England by intensive bombing, followed by heavy air-borne landings.

How this onslaught could be contained, while the Allied nations completed their slow build-up for ultimate victory, is a problem indeed. There seems to be no answer in strategic air power, certainly, and none in the present military capacity of the Western Powers.

Whatever the problem, and however it is to be solved, it cannot be done without allies. Without continental European bases, Western Europe, once lost, could be retaken



only by a costly amphibious operation. So a foothold in Europe must be held, no matter what uncomfortable bedfellows the U. S. must accept into the intimacy of bundling. At this critical time the U. S. needs friends, no matter what their politics, religion or race, so long as they are willing to join us in throwing their resources against the Red juggernaut.

World War III could be won by the Allies, provided they used all their elements of power in co-ordination. Hence, this is not a time to be building military empires, but rather to consider what sacrifices each nation, each service and each individual can best make for the common good.

The Air-power Solution

SO MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN and said about the air-power theory that it should hardly be necessary to go over it again. Air-power experts, inside and outside the Air Force, flourish like weeds. For the record, however, the theory may be summed up thus:

The theory assumes long-range raids at high speeds and high altitudes with atomic and other explosives against the enemy's industrial and political centers to disrupt his ability to make war. At the same time, civilian casualties would so deplete enemy morale that popular demand would force a suit for peace. While this offensive was under way, air power, assisted by radar and other means, would intercept enemy bombers before they could visit the same destruction upon one's own vital centers. As a concomitant of this bomber war, the enemy's air

power would be destroyed and dominance of the air would result. Finally, with the enemy's means and will to make war gone, ground troops would move in to occupy territory already won.

Now that is a neat theory which no one should refrain from endorsing if there were any reason to suspect that it would work. Its basic fallacy is that it assumes enemy air opposition would be absent or ineffectual, and that the enemy would accept one's own method of warfare without applying elsewhere force in which he might be superior.

The basis of this theory was propounded by the Italian Gen. Giulio Douhet between 1921 and 1930. Yet, World War II showed the Douhet theory would not work, and air-power advocates have been busy ever since infusing it with new life.

For instance, Lieut. Col. Joseph L. Dickman, USAF, has done a wonderful job on the ailing old Douhet theory. He admits that in World War II it was "somewhat less than an unqualified success," but blames that on "the inability of the equipment of the times to fulfill Douhet's expectations." One cannot recall any expressions of doubt from air-power enthusiasts during the recent war that it could be won with "the equipment of the times." Anyway, Dickman writes:

"Air power in World War III, however, will be immeasurably better equipped for the job. In the few years that have elapsed since 1940, when the *Luftwaffe* failed to win a war by air power, there have appeared new weapons that, had the Germans possessed them, would quickly have forced a decision;

these are jet-propelled aircraft, V-weapons, and the atomic bomb."

Possibly. But only had Germany *alone* possessed them, and there again crops up the basic fallacy of the air-power theory: its persistent failure to give the enemy credit for means of effective resistance.

It was not, as air-power enthusiasts insist, German employment of the "wrong" aircraft, but British air defenses (including the surprise of radar) and British willingness to endure the supposedly unendurable which won the Battle of Britain. What Russian air defenses would be in World War III, no one could know until the first bombing plane arrived over Red territory.

The accomplishments of air power in World War II were magnified out of all proportion to actuality. When the tiny Mediterranean island of Pantelleria succumbed after ten days of air bombardment, with some naval shelling thrown in, its surrender was hailed as proof that air power alone could win victories.

In this first and only "air-power victory," however, the Air Forces dropped almost 84 tons of bombs for each square mile of target. Translate these figures into terms of the great German urban and industrial complexes, and try to figure what would have been the cost of similar treatment. Not only is it staggering; it was manifestly impossible, yet there were many who demanded then, as now, that the U. S. put all its military eggs in the air-power basket.

As it was, the Allied strategic bombardment of Germany and German-held Europe was stupen-

dous. But what did this vast expenditure of men, machines, explosives and money accomplish? An estimated 300,000 civilians were killed, 780,000 wounded, and 7,500,000 made homeless.

If frightfulness is the aim of warfare, the Air Forces seem to have been eminently successful in this case. But if defeat of the enemy is the aim, they failed dismally. Germany did not capitulate until after Allied and Russian ground armies had met on the Elbe.

In the field of damage to German industry, let us see what strategic bombing accomplished. Total arms production increased under steadily magnified bombing until, in mid-1944, it was three times what it had been in 1942. This output reached its peak in July, 1944, and fell steadily thereafter. A factor in the decline was the rapid advance of Allied ground forces. When the ground army took a factory, it totally ceased production.

Of course, the prophets of air power now contend that the atomic bomb will do what conventional bombing could not do in World War II. But remember, they had no atomic bomb from 1941 to 1945, and during those years they fiercely maintained the job *could* be done with what they did have.

Since development of the B-36 super-bomber, it is distressing to Americans to learn that, despite a united front for all-out strategic bombing, the Air Force's experts are in serious disagreement over the method of using the weapon upon which their doctrine is based. On August 11, 1949, before the House Armed Services Committee,

Gen. George C. Kenney, former commander of the Strategic Bomber Command, had this to say about employment of the B-36:

"There is no reason why anything should interfere with that plane going to its target and dropping a bomb, at night—from high altitude. . . . In my judgment, it is a superb night bomber and I would not use it in the daytime."

Again: "If this is blue-sky combat, the fighters are going to get the bomber. They always do . . . If they (the Russians) get a night fighter with a search radar that can operate at 40,000 feet, the B-36 will become a tanker."

But Gen. Curtis LeMay, who succeeded Kenney in command, said the same day before the same committee: "We intend to continue developing the capability of bombing in daylight or darkness, in good weather or bad, by individual plane or by formations."

Asked by Rep. Van Zandt of Pennsylvania if he concurred in Kenney's statement that the B-36 was purely a night bomber, LeMay said: "No, sir, I do not."

So the Air Force has built its doctrine upon one weapon, and yet, the most experienced bomber commanders in its ranks disagree completely about its employment. And neither appeared concerned with achieving command of the air, which World War II proved to be absolutely essential to success in the air, at sea, or on the ground. Should a plane much superior to the B-36 be developed, there is no reason to believe this difference would be resolved; it is fundamental.

Even if the B-36 could do all its

most enthusiastic backers claim for it, air power still would be the wrong answer to the problems posed by the requirements of national policy. For, implicit in the theory of continental-based bombing, is withdrawal to the Western Hemisphere and abandonment of Europe to the Red Army. No Allies will be retained by any such doctrine; rather would the Atlantic Pact nations be wise to desert their dependable ally now and make friends with Russia, instead of waiting to become vassals after conquest.

And in case of war, the U. S., bottled up in the Western Hemisphere, would be cut off from all resources but her own and, in a long war, would suffer so great a deterioration in the civilian standard of living that the enemy's ideology likely would take possession. Then defeat would surely come by political upheaval from within.

The Balanced-force Solution

IT IS PART of air-power doctrine to write off a land war in Europe because of the "horde" the Red Army could bring to bear in ground conflict. This treatment requires that air-power zealots discount in one field of thinking a factor which in another is one of the foundations of their theory. This factor is the global concept of warfare.

Any air-power doctrinaire will rush you to a globe, and show exactly how the long-range bomber and improved electronics have compressed time and distance in favor of strategic bombing. He never seems capable of translating the same global concept into terms of sea power and land power, which,

coupled with a realistic application of air power, could in time over-balance Russian ground power.

For, just as Russia's geographical position in the Eurasian land mass gives her interior land lines, so does the U. S. position on the world map give her global interior lines. That is to say, sea-borne thrusts from North America and outlying bases would, by the shortest possible routes, reach any point on the Eurasian perimeter.

Furthermore, these thrusts across the ocean spaces would have inherently the element of surprise. Until they occurred, the enemy could never be sure where they were aimed. Thus Russia, instead of sitting calmly at the center of her massive web, would be forced to expend vast energy and resources guarding her extensive perimeter.

It is this capability of forcing dispersion of the Red Army which lies at the very roots of the balanced-force doctrine. It cannot be done by air power alone; in fact, the cost of strategic bombing of Russian cities would retard its execution. Air power, with sea and land power, must be considered together on the basis of recognizable elements of Allied strength and weakness, and each then be given its proper place in global strategy.

Even if strategic bombing succeeded in decisively crippling Russian industry and transport, the Red Army still could base itself on that part of Eurasia outside of Russia, and could live comfortably on local industrial and agricultural production. Therefore, the Red Army must be engaged if it would be destroyed, and until it was de-

stroyed, it would continue to maintain the Soviet political structure somewhere on the continent.

Strategic bombing would not take one single Russian infantryman out of the Western Front. But there are other elements of power which could do so, and chief among them are sea power and land power, sea-borne or air-borne. Not only is it important that these elements of strength be employed, but that they be available when needed.

Now the immediate problem, in case of war, would be to prevent the Red Army from overrunning all of Western Europe as it was overrun by Germany in 1940. Obviously, that cannot be done by the small force presently available to the Atlantic Pact countries. The European force in being must be speedily enlarged and equipped with standardized weapons, a necessity now sharpened by Russian attainment of atomic fission. The U. S., then, must be prepared to come to its aid in minimum time with an M-Day force, and follow up this force quickly with large commitments.

Not only must a European foothold be preserved as a base of operations against the Red Army, but space must also be held for the air defense of Britain and for anti-submarine warfare. And, finally, one may be sure that any territory occupied by Russia would hardly be worth retaking, with its economy ravaged and Communist governments in the saddle.

But it is in the field of global warfare that the Western Powers, especially the U. S. and Britain, can be equipped to take advantage of properly balanced forces. There is

no guarantee anywhere that an air war would not reach a stalemate, with superiority long in doubt. Fortunately, however, there are other means of reaching the enemy and upsetting his main effort.

The first of these is sea power, and it is reasonably safe to make the dogmatic statement that no nation which ignores sea power can hope to win a modern war. It was Hitler's failure to give proper weight to sea power which led ultimately to his defeat; and application of German sea power by submarine attacks and mine laying, in an effort to blockade Britain, brought that island much nearer to disaster than did the *Luftwaffe*.

Sea power gives the Allies the key to Russia's back door: Turkey, Greece and the Balkans. Russia could not possibly ignore a threat from this direction, and a threat could be made by very small forces indeed. So long as the threat existed, Russian forces would be diverted from the Western Front, lines of communication would have to be guarded and, once committed, the troops thus employed could not be withdrawn. Meanwhile, from bases in Western Europe, North Africa and the Middle East, lightning airborne attacks might be made behind Russian lines, thus forcing further dispersion of Red Army strength.

One of the arguments for the strategic air-power doctrine is that a land invasion of Russia would be impossible, and that no nation has successfully carried one out. Now, that argument is deliberately cut to fit the situation, since it is in no way clear that a land invasion would be necessary to complete a victory in

Europe. Should the Allies succeed in forcing overextension of Russian land power and achieve its defeat in detail, air bombardment of roads, railways and bridges behind the remaining Red forces might well prevent their escape into Russia. But that is an application of air power which is distasteful to the zealot; it places air power in a supporting role.

Only now, not after the Red Army has struck, can Western Europe and America train the balanced force which alone could prevent disaster. The balanced force is not organized on the basis of an equal division of available funds, but according to the dictates of national policy, the ability of the national economy to support it, and the requirements of the sort of war it most likely would be called upon to fight. If the nation's military strength is permitted to become unbalanced by wishful thinking or propaganda, the task of pulling it back in balance under pressure of war might well prove too great.

On Sea Power

THE ALTERNATIVE to stating that air-power proponents are willing to jeopardize the national security to attain their ends, is to state that they do not understand sea power and its application. Not only is the latter conclusion more than kind; it is no doubt correct.

The North American continent is a global island and, until aircraft can meet all demands of transportation, the main logistical support of U. S. military effort must be by sea, protected by surface fleets. That would be true even if the military

effort were based at home, since so much of the raw materials of war production must come from elsewhere. But the plane at present not only cannot meet the transportation needs of large logistical efforts—it cannot even supply itself beyond extremely limited ranges.

It is customary nowadays to point to the Berlin airlift as an achievement of air power alone. That is manifestly not true. The ranges were very limited, aids to flight were numerous, and the operation would have been impossible except for logistical support by sea.

The "Hump" operation from India across the Himalayas to China during World War II also is frequently cited by air-power zealots as an example of large logistical effort by air. This operation was undertaken not by choice but out of dire necessity, the alternative being China's possible withdrawal from the conflict. Like the Berlin airlift and every other air-power operation from distant bases, it was made possible by sea-borne logistical support.

Nevertheless, air-power zealots have consistently deprecated the abilities and requirements of the sea arm. For years now, the nation has had dinning in its ears disparagement of "battleship admirals." While it is true that many high officers in the Navy (and the Army and Air Corps, too) did permit their waistlines to outdistance their imaginations during peacetime years, the Navy did and does recognize the naval uses of the plane to an extent not generally known.

The real reason for the attack upon the "battleship admirals" has

been the desire of the air-power priesthood to seize upon the Navy's aviation and incorporate it into the growing autonomous empire of the separate air force. This predatory attitude has motivated the air-power zealots ever since 1921, when Gen. "Billy" Mitchell sank some old battleships by bombing, and the air enthusiasts of that day proclaimed that no ship could ever survive air bombardment.

That contention was as faulty as the current air-power doctrine, because it assumed, as does the present doctrine, that no improvements would be made in anything but the plane itself, and that all attacks would be carried out just as air-men dictated.

The air-power proponent, bemused with strategic bombing, apparently has never grasped the fact that the plane has in no way altered the function of sea power. It has merely extended the missile range of the fleet to such an extent that the aircraft carrier, rather than the battleship, has now become the Navy's capital ship.

It was the eagerness of the air-power propagandist to prove himself right which led to almost universal misinterpretation of the battles of Midway and the Coral Sea. Those battles did not "spell the doom of the surface ship"; they merely showed that fleets which once had to lie a few feet apart and bang away with smooth-bore cannon could now lie 150 miles apart and fire planes at each other.

Even when employed in sea fighting by land-based Air Forces, the plane was squeezed into the tactical pattern already evolved by the

Navy, and its heavy types duplicated the mission of big-gunned surface ships, with this difference: the theoretical radius of action of the heavy plane was limited by its fuel capacity, while that of the surface ship was limited only by the depth of water under its keel.

It is this tremendous radius of sustained action which makes sea power unique in warfare, and which enables it to push the nation's frontiers right up to the enemy's shoreline. In a war against any power dominating the Eurasian land mass, this ability of seapower might well be ultimately decisive; for only through sea power can the global interior lines of the Allied nations be fully exploited.

MUCH HAS BEEN MADE by air-power doctrinaires of Russian lack of surface vessels and her alleged great strength in submarines. On this basis, say the propagandists, our Navy would "have no opposition" except from submarines, and should concentrate on antisubmarine warfare. Now that would be short-sighted policy, but it is typical of air-power thinking. The zealot can see nothing but the plane (the bigger, the better), and neither understands nor is interested in the over-all requirements of national security.

As a matter of fact, the air-power priesthood is here and now challenged to prove that the Soviets are not building a surface fleet complete with aircraft carriers.

Consider the effect, simultaneously with a Soviet land assault in Western Europe, and possibly an air attack on the U. S. and Britain,

of the appearance of a Russian carrier fleet in the Pacific. Such a fleet may now be building in Manchuria, and its use to threaten the Philippines, Hawaii and Alaska would certainly divert much Allied sea power from support of operations in Europe. It might well make support of European Allies momentarily impossible, and such a threat could not be met by the B-36 or any other long-range land-based plane.

Russia is known to have a large submarine fleet, some of which are modern Schnorkels, capable of extremely long underwater range. It is, in fact, a part of air-power propaganda to make it appear that these Schnorkels are impregnable, rendering the seas unsafe for surface fleets. Therefore only air power would be able to reach the enemy. When it is pointed out that this is obviously sheer twaddle, the air-power propagandist shifts his line to needle the Navy into doing something about the Schnorkel.

Regardless of what form the Soviet submarine might take, it would obviously be wiser to prevent its reaching the sea lanes than to become committed to fighting it at sea. To accomplish this objective, the most effective method is mining.

The most useful vehicle for laying mines is the plane, but modern mines are heavy and bulky. Therefore the mine-laying plane must be not only fast and well-enough armed to cope with enemy fighters, but it must be large enough to carry a sufficient number of mines to make its missions worth while.

These big, fast aircraft, in turn, require heavy carriers. Thus a purely Navy function demands heavy



carriers, and if the Navy is to succeed in any future war, it surely must be given what it needs.

The Navy must take a good share of the blame for the dispute which led to cancellation of its projected "big carrier," the *United States*. It should never have permitted itself to be drawn into an argument over strategic bombing, and it should never have permitted some of its spokesmen to tangle with the atomic bomb. The Navy needs no big carriers to handle aircraft capable of delivering the atomic bomb; plenty of World War II types of carrier aircraft could have done it.

However, having got itself involved in this argument, in which the air-power enthusiasts have shown themselves to be infinitely more adroit, the Navy must now somehow extricate itself. Then it can get on with its job of preparing to keep the sea lanes safe for the logistical support it would surely have to furnish in the event of war.

The Ultimate Weapon

IT IS NOW CLEAR that no lesson in history was ever so widely misread as the Wehrmacht's 1940 sweep through France and the Low Countries. Even so, after a decade of study, the lesson still is being misinterpreted by too many in high places in this country. What Americans generally thought the Nazis had taught in 1940 was that the

machine had supplanted the man in warfare. That was not true then—and it is not true now.

The ultimate weapon in World War II was man, and so it would be in any third World War. To believe otherwise would be to commit again the fundamental error of World War II: failure to mobilize and train sufficient foot soldiers, with the result that those who did meet the enemy on the ground suffered disproportionate casualties and endured hardships which were as unnecessary as they were brutal.

How easy it has been to forget the outcry which accompanied Hitler's blitzkrieg! His use of dive bombers meant the U. S. must have a great strategic air force. His use of armor meant the rifleman had vanished with Daniel Boone. This tendency to write off the foot soldier has persisted, despite the fact that World War II showed he was as necessary to success as ever before.

Gen. George C. Marshall, in his final report as Chief of Staff, clearly saw the danger should the nation fail to realize this fact and again become the victim of propaganda. After quoting from the report of the late Gen. H. H. Arnold, commanding general, Army Air Forces, on wartime developments in air power, Marshall said:

"With the realization of these facts will also come a highly dangerous and attractive doctrine. It

will be said that, to protect itself, this nation need only rely on its machine power, that it will not need manpower.

"This doctrine will be closely akin to the doctrine of negative defense which destroyed France. The folly of the Maginot Line was proved too late to save France. The folly of the new doctrine which has already begun to take shape in the thinking of many Americans would also be proved early—but probably too late to save America."

Machines counted for much in the last war, it is true, but they required vast supply organizations, and each machine needed a man to operate it and others to man its weapons. But in those vital moments when the fate of armies hung on victory, it was almost always a few men who made victory possible. At Omaha Beach, for instance, very few machines got ashore in the first hours; even most of the artillery, upon which foot soldiers depended for support, was lost.

Col. S. L. A. Marshall, who knows probably as much about that episode as any other man, described what happened in an address before the Economic Club of Detroit on May 12, 1946: "Oh, yes, they were a mighty host and they had behind them—too far behind them—all the strength and killing power of your superb mechanisms and all your wealth. But on that gray morning along Omaha Beach, there were only six infantry companies that were effective. The scales were held, though not tipped, by less than one thousand men. And had they not held, our whole effort would have gone for naught."

Machines do not fight; men do. But less thought is expended by the American public and its Congress on preparing its men to fight than on building the machines they direct in combat. Men were sent into battle as riflemen in the last war with less than two weeks of infantry training, because until the end of the war their people could not see that the man and not the machine was the fighting instrument. Nor do our people see that yet.

Because the German army ruptured the Allied defense in 1940 by throwing against it a large armored force on a very narrow front, Americans accepted without argument the thesis that the tank was invincible. They believed the entire Nazi army was mechanized, when actually it had much more horse-drawn transport and guns than their own. They knew nothing of the German rifle squads which filtered in behind the tanks, took Allied positions in flank and rear, and held the ground which the tanks had opened up for them.

Even some elements of the U. S. Army swallowed the theory that armor would thenceforth rule the battlefield, and great pressure was put upon the War Department to set up an Armored Force with the same degree of independence as the Air Force. Fortunately, this pressure was resisted and neither an independent Armored Force nor an Armored Army was formed.

As it turned out, the German blitzkrieg of 1940 was the last, and defenses against armor were developed so rapidly that it became increasingly difficult for tanks to move at all, unless infantry went

ahead of them, or along with them to clear the way. Thus, without the protection as well as the guidance of man, the machine could no longer move on the battlefield.

Immediately after the war, Army policy was based upon the traditional American attitude toward its military forces: that a small standing army be maintained to form the nucleus for a draft of citizens in case of war. To this end, it set up on paper a great National Guard and an even-greater Organized Reserve and, to insure a supply of trained men for these forces, it asked the American people for Universal Military Training.

Here the Army found itself faced with a strange paradox: men would not enter the civilian components largely because they believed air power would win the next war, and in order to get them, the Army sought UMT which, in turn, was killed because air-power propaganda had sold Congress the idea that large ground armies would not be needed. Then, when the Army was denied UMT, its entire policy collapsed just about the time it lost its Air Force, and nothing has been evolved to take the place of either.

It now appears that, unless the American people can be convinced that peacetime training saves lives in battle, the Army must evolve a new policy, or become in fact what it already is in the minds of too many Americans: an auxiliary to the Air Force. And nothing could be more disastrous.

To maintain a large professional army is not, of course, the preferable solution to this problem, but it will be the only one possible until the

American people accept the unpalatable truth that the next war will be decided on the ground, and that ground fighters must be trained.

Perhaps the Army can devise some method of accomplishing its task without a scheme which appears so distasteful to the public as UMT. If it cannot, then the public must be brought to understand that a young man spared from home for a year of training may be saved for a lifetime. Failure to understand this fact has caused more American soldiers to be killed by their families and their Congressmen than by all the enemies this country ever faced.

Bid for Empire

SINCE 1947, THE AMERICAN public has been treated to one of the most disgraceful and disturbing spectacles in the nation's history. It has seen, in the name of "unification," the country's Armed Services split by dissension, recrimination and abuse to an extent gravely threatening the national security. How "unification" brought about this dangerous disunity requires some explanation, but not a great deal; the fact is, "unification" opened up for the Air Force the opportunity to create the military empire of which its adherents so long had dreamed.

The air-power vision of empire stops short of nothing but complete domination of the nation's Armed Forces. Since the early 1920s, the prophets of this empire have been numerous and vocal. They began with General Mitchell, who remarked in *Winged Defense* that "land armies . . . are in a stage of arrested development, navies are in

a period of decline and change," and that "the air force is the greatest developing power in the world today."

His solution, of course, was the single Department of Defense, with a separate air force. Now that has been achieved, but the results are far different from what Mitchell predicted. More modern thought on the same subject is at hand, and three examples will be given here. First, let us hear from Maj. Gen. Orvil A. Anderson, USAF, commandant of the Air War College, who wrote in *Aero Digest* for September, 1948:

"But appropriate balance (in the military structure) is not achieved by the maintenance of three equal forces, each designed to be decisive. It can be achieved only by a composite military structure designed to support an objective strategy, reflecting the dominant role of Air Power and the supporting roles of land and sea forces."

Next, here's what former Lieut. Gen. James H. Doolittle, famous air-power representative, said in an address to the Georgetown University Alumni Association at Washington, April 30, 1949: "The function of the Army and Navy in any future war will be to support the dominant air arm."

And finally, a few words from Maj. Alexander P. de Seversky in a talk delivered in the winter of 1948 before the U. S. Strategic Intelligence School at Washington: "Today, when neither (armies or navies) can maintain a battle under a hostile sky, they have ceased to be strategic forces and have become auxiliaries to air power . . . I do not mean that we ought to dispense

with land and sea forces, but we must reassign the responsibilities of members of the team. Under the new strategic conditions, land and sea forces will play primarily a supporting role to the spearhead of our offensive—air power."

There you have current air-power philosophy summed up by an active Air Force officer, a retired Air Force officer, and a man who long has been a vigorous spokesman for the air-power party line. And they all say the same thing. This certainly cannot be the outcome General Eisenhower anticipated when he came home from Europe to fight for the unified military establishment that his war experience had led him to believe was essential to success in another conflict.

The Air Force bid for empire would be dangerous even if it could do all it claims, since no service, with its own ambitions, loyalties and doctrines, need dominate the military structure in peace or in war. But it is infinitely more dangerous in view of the demonstrated ineffectiveness of air power except in support of land or sea forces. For the sake of our existence, this nation must see to it that no service, Army, Navy or Air, is ever permitted to dominate its military structure. This is an old battle; the time has come to settle it forever.

One Solution

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN, surrounded on all sides by the world's most extensive information system, is not prone to delve for truth when an excess of what purports to be truth is daily dumped into his lap. This American wants

to believe that wars can be won easily; in the last war, the catastrophe of Pearl Harbor was needed to convince him that he could not sit comfortably at home and let lend-lease, industrial production, the Russians, or something besides himself win for him.

The cost of World War II to the U. S. was more than 330 billions, one-tenth of which spread over the 20 years after World War I to maintain adequate military strength would have prevented the second war altogether. But in those years, Americans believed there would be no more wars, simply because that was what they wanted to believe, just as they now want to believe that victory can be won by the bombing plane. Should U. S. policy fail and a third World War occur, America very probably would come to know the physical horror of war as the people of Eurasia knew it in the last conflict. That would apply particularly if U. S. strategy was based on withdrawal to the Western Hemisphere, and conducting intercontinental bombing as its sole resource. That is precisely what must be prevented by making the U. S. and its Allies strong on the ground with adequate tactical air support.

Organization of the military forces of a nation on the basis of the weapons they use or the media in which they operate appears now to have been outmoded by the

totality of war. The only acceptable organization now seems to be one along *functional* lines; that is, on the basis of what a force must do, not what it has or where it moves.

If that theory were accepted, the U. S. military establishment might well contain three forces, not separately Army, Navy and Air, but all three together in whatever proportions might be dictated by circumstances and policy at any given time. These might be:

1. A Combat Force, whose function would be to fight on land, at sea, in the air, or all three at once. It would be made up of combat organizations from all three services, commanded by an officer whose staff came from all three.
2. A Logistical Force, whose function would be to supply the Combat Force and which would be organized and commanded in the same manner.
3. A Support Force, whose function would be to train officers and men, procure food, weapons, equipment and services, and supply the two other forces. It would be organized and commanded in the same manner as the others.

The chief benefits of such an organization would be two: adaptability to the demands of modern warfare, and flexibility. Each force would be, in effect, a task force, expanding or deflating as necessity dictated. At first, in case of war, the Combat Force would be smallest;



as it grew, so would the Logistical Force, while the Support Force, after very rapid early growth, would gradually decline as the other two Forces absorbed its output.

The proportions of land, sea and air forces in each force would also be dictated by the nature of the battle. Most important of all, there would be no question of which Service had the most important job; they would all be in a team with a quarterback to decide who was to carry the ball on every play.

There is, of course, little chance that any such system will ever be adopted, but there it is for what it's worth. The state of the nation's military establishment at the present is anything but encouraging and, with the Air Force building its empire, the Navy fighting any change at all, and the Army having surrendered to the Air Force, it gives no promise of getting better.

Yet it is the essence of every American that our country's military establishment be the best that can be obtained. Not only does every American share in its cost, but it is all that will stand between his home and a ruthless enemy should war come again.

With a military establishment organized along functional lines,

much more strength could be bought with the same funds now being spent. The U. S. economy cannot hold up forever under the strains being imposed upon it, and the threat of war will not lessen but increase as time goes on. To meet this threat, nothing will avail but military strength, and military strength is expensive.

Therefore, it is clearly necessary that the military dollar must buy more and buy right, unless military strength is to be weakened or the American taxpayer is to go broke. That is the problem the military Services must solve.

The problem before the citizen is less simple, because, in facing it, he has not facts but an incredibly voluminous propaganda at his disposal. Nevertheless, the citizen *must* face this problem and solve it because, in the end, he makes military policy and, through his representatives in Congress, decides what sort of military strength he is to have and how large it will be.

There is no escape in wishful thinking; indeed, there lies the greatest danger. Facts are available, and only when a sufficient number of citizens seek and find those facts can America and its Allies be made safe against the new barbarians.

Uninspirational Items



Samson used the jawbone of an ass to end a war. Today, that weapon is used to start one.

—JACK EICHOLZ

It's not the ice that makes you slip, it's what you mix with it.

—BROCKTON Enterprise





CURRIER AND IVES

Artists of History

They captured the romance of young America in their quaint and whimsical prints
by MILTON ESTEROW

IT WAS 17 BELOW ZERO in New York on December 16, 1835. The Hudson River was ice-covered; water pumps all through the city were frozen solid. And to keep from becoming likewise, the good burghers heaped fuel on their fires.

Presently an ominous cloud of smoke billowed up from Merchant Street. A store was on fire. Volunteers raced to the scene but were helpless against the blaze, for all pumps were frozen.

The flames, unchecked, leaped to adjoining buildings and soon were raging through the heart of the city, razing banks, the post office and the Stock Exchange, and

transforming several blocks into a nightmare inferno.

Buildings were blown up with gunpowder, and only such heroic measures prevented the possible destruction of the entire city.

One talented young man, however, saw in the terrifying spectacle something to be exploited. He was Nathaniel Currier, a young lithographer, and four days after the last spark had died his presses were turning out lithographed copies of a picture titled: "Ruins of the Merchants' Exchange, N. Y. After the Destructive Conflagration of Dec. 16 and 17, 1835." This now-famous print sold by the thousands,



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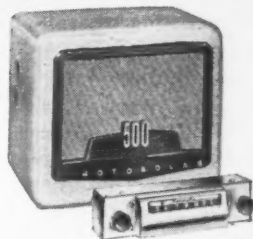


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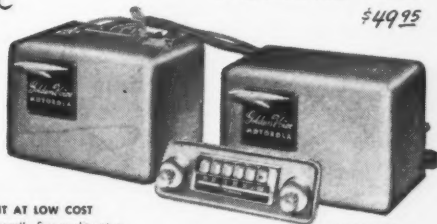
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and became the forerunner of a pictorial chronicle that poured for 50 years from the presses of what later became the celebrated firm of Currier and Ives—"Printmakers to the American People."

Currier and Ives captured the romance of America, recording in their quaint, waggish, whimsical, often mawkishly sentimental prints, the homely truths of the era of the village smithy, the pedal-less bicycle and the Pony Express; the era when the enginehouse was the neighborhood clubroom and the coach line from Boston to Albany guaranteed the unheard-of speed of seven miles an hour.

NATHANIEL CURRIER was born in 1813 in Roxbury, Massachusetts. At 15, he went to work with a lithographing firm in Boston, then moved to New York in 1834. The following year he rented a shop at 1 Wall Street and with two presses began printing "Colored Engravings for the People." The great conflagration of that year was his first bonanza. His second was a blaze of a different sort.

On the evening of January 13, 1840, the steamboat *Lexington* caught fire on Long Island Sound. Somehow, Currier got early news of it. He drew a picture of the burning vessel and rushed it to the New York *Sun*, where he told the publisher he could turn out a lithographed edition almost as quickly as the story could be put on the presses.

Three days later, Currier finished the "Awful Conflagration of the Steam Boat 'Lexington' in Long Island Sound On Monday Eve Jan'y 13th, 1840, By Which Melan-

choly Occurrence Over 100 Persons Perished." The print showed frenzied men and women lining the rails, some leaping into the water, others clinging tenaciously to floating cargo.

Presses ran night and day, and copies were sent all over the country. Practically overnight, Currier became famous. Soon, his friends included the celebrities of the day, from Henry Ward Beecher to Phineas T. Barnum.

James Merritt Ives came into the picture in 1852, nominally as a bookkeeper. He learned the lithography business quickly and five years later Currier took him in as partner. It proved a happy combination. Both were born news gatherers, absorbed in the great events of the day and with a keen sense of what the public wanted.

Their store at 152 Nassau Street became the "Grand Central Depot For Cheap and Popular Pictures." Inside, thousands of prints lay in great heaps. When the weather was clear, long tables piled high with the cheaper ones stood on the sidewalk. Each morning, peddlers filled their pushcarts with lithographs and hawked them through the streets of the city.

The prints, about 3 by 5 and 18 by 27 inches, were colored by hand, professional artists receiving a penny each for the small prints and a dollar for 12 large folios. The coloring was often crude—a spring green for trees and grass, blue for water and sky, a salmon gray for stone, faces a salmon pink—a simple palette for simple prints.

The Currier and Ives factory occupied the top three floors in a five-story building at 33 Spruce

How a doctor helped millions of women

Several years ago a doctor in a western state began to think about the problem of monthly sanitary protection and the common practice of using external pads supported by pins and belts. "Why not *internal* absorption instead?" he thought. It would obviously require a much smaller bulk. There would be no chafing, no odor. Disposal would be easy. . . . This internal principle was already a familiar story to physicians. Why not apply it in a convenient form available to women generally?

It was wisely decided that this Tampax (as it is called) should consist *only* of pure surgical cotton, firmly cross-stitched and of great absorbency, contained in a patented disposable applicator. It is so efficient that your hands need never touch the Tampax while inserting. The whole idea seems a little novel at first, but we can assure you it's all quite scientific and physiologically correct.

It means a lot to a girl or woman to know that Tampax just simply *cannot* cause any bulge or ridge because it is worn internally. Now you need not choose your dresses so carefully to wear on those "exasperating days." You need not worry whether everything is arranged "just right!"

With her mind at ease at such times, a young woman has a great advantage. She does her job better. If a student, she studies to better effect. Socially, she handles herself and her situations with more confidence and skill. So you see the use of Tampax can make a real and important difference in your life—not only on the days in question but throughout the month.

They sell this Tampax at drug stores and notion counters everywhere. A full month's average supply slips right into your purse. Make a note of it now — Tampax. Millions of women use it monthly. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Street. The presses, artists and lithographers filled two floors, and the colorists the third. Though they had many rivals, the Currier prints proved more popular because of their greater simplicity and human interest, achieved through use of the best artists available.

Louis Maurer painted trotting horses and life on the plains; but he admitted that the artists who depicted the thrilling scenes of Indian warfare had never been West. Thomas Worth, one of the great cartoonists of his day, created practically all the comics. Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait, whose forte was landscape, animals and sporting events, earned a place in the National Academy of Design, while George Henry Durrie was foremost among the winter-scene painters of the time.

The catalogue of prints — more than 7,000 in number — reaches back to the landing of the Pilgrims, and covers the Boston Tea Party, Washington's crossing of the Delaware, the fight of the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*, the opening up of the West, the march of the Fortyniners and the Civil War.

Moral and religious prints illustrate the temperance wave that swept the country in the 1840s. Political prints show the roots of the young Republic's federal system becoming firmly entrenched in portraits and cartoons.

A cartoon called "Honest Abe Taking Them on the Half Shell" depicts Lincoln smiling broadly while holding "softshell" Douglas in his right hand and "hardshell" Breckinridge in his left. He is saying, "These fellows have been planted so long in Washington that

they are as fat as butter. I hardly know which to swallow first." A sign above him reads:

POLITICAL OYSTER HOUSE
Hardshells and Softshells

Constantly on hand
Democrats fried, Stewed, Roasted
or on the Half Shell.

The panorama of America unfolds in pastoral scenes—the ubiquitous oaken bucket, the wayside inn, maple sugaring; the Mississippi's celebrated steamboat races; life in the woods, sports, clipper ships and marriage.

In those homespun days there was no housing problem and only a happy relationship between landlord and tenant, judging by the Currier and Ives print containing a motto placed in the center of a plate hemmed in by a milkmaid, sickle, hayrake and pitchfork.

The motto reads: "Success to the Plow, the Fleece and the Pail. May the Landlord Ever Flourish and the Tenant Never Fail."

CURRIER AND IVES' most important contribution to Americana was their long series of portraits which ranged from Presidents to Tom Thumb, and included popes, pugilists, preachers, patriots, dancers, actresses, soldiers, sailors, statesmen, singers—virtually a pictorial Who's Who.

In the late 1880s, Currier retired, his son Edward replacing him in the business. Ives died in 1895 and was succeeded by his son Chauncey. The new generation hung on grimly, but the camera, the power press, photoengraving and illustrated weeklies practically wiped out the demand for litho-



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**NO BONES ABOUT IT
 STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS**

Look for the Magic Inset



graphs. At the turn of the century, thousands of prints were relegated to the attic, burned or thrown away because they were thought to be "old-fashioned" and "fearful eyesores." In 1907, the two partners took down their shingle.

However, the final chapter of Currier and Ives was yet to be written. Not many years after the last stone was sold, collectors began bidding recklessly for prints, thereby sending dealers on automobile canvasses through New York and New England and secondhand men on house-to-house tours of Brooklyn and Long Island. In thousands of homes, cellars and attics were ransacked for these new treasures.

The immediate cause for the excited market was the popularity of old American houses and interiors. Wealthy people, in restoring the historic places, wanted pictures in keeping with the houses.

The revival gained such momentum that in 1924, at the William Nolan auction, prices soared to as high as \$100 a print. At succeeding auctions, they skyrocketed further. "The Life of a Hunter," which would have retailed for \$3 in 1861, sold for \$3,000.

Today, the feverish activity of the '20s has settled down to something resembling sanity. The railroad, clipper ship and winter scenes bring the best prices; the summer farm scenes, localities, large-size fruits and flowers are next in value, while the sentimentals are worth very little.

To be really valuable, a print must have artistic or historical value, or be reminiscent of the home. This is appropriate, for Currier and Ives were indeed America's top pictorial historians, who captured the spirit of an era in gaudy but appealing color.

Coronet Color Features

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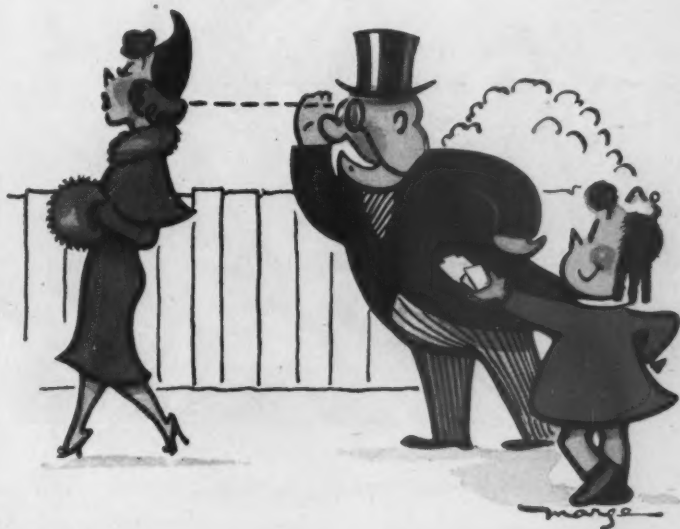
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And remember, too, that future issues of CORONET will contain additional Picture Stories in full color that you will want to own and enjoy in permanent form on Kodachrome slides.

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Let the Youngsters Wake Up Your Town

by LAWRENCE GALTON



A new kind of camping is brightening city slums and reviving tired communities

HAVE YOU A COMMUNITY PROJECT that really needs doing? Something as simple as painting a church or as ambitious as building a community center?

Now, thanks to a unique plan already tested in scores of communities, not only can you get such things done at nominal cost but, in the process, you can give the youngsters of your town the time of their lives and an inspiring educational experience as well.

The plan is the voluntary work camp sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee, a

Quaker organization. It is as simple as this: a group of boys and girls, from 15 years up, move together into a camp—which can be a school, a church basement, or even a barn. They sleep in separate dormitories on camp cots, cook their own meals, launder their own clothes. And they work six to eight hours a day on some worth-while community endeavor, not only giving their labor but even paying their own maintenance.

In a depleted coal-mining community in Tennessee, a mere nine youngsters remodeled, repaired and



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put back into use a school which had stood idle for years. In Holly Ridge, Connecticut, 12 boys and girls constructed buildings, roadways and other facilities for a summer camp for underprivileged New Haven children.

These were just two of the eight-week-long summer camps sponsored by the AFSC. Since 1934, when it pioneered the first one in America, the AFSC has set up camps for almost 100 communities, bringing in volunteer young people from all over the United States and even from foreign countries.

Now it is also practical—since the pioneering has been done and the know-how is available—for any community to organize its own work camp, using local boys and girls. Moreover, the idea has been expanded so that many communities are also employing week-end work camps throughout the year—same methods, same youngsters, same amazing results.

Actually, the physical work accomplished is only one of the results. Consider what happened in little Darby Township, a predominantly Negro area near Philadelphia.

While there had always been those who wanted to get things done, it was hard to arouse enthusiasm among the harassed residents. Finally, in 1948, after the AFSC had contacted them, they decided that a work camp could help accomplish a much-needed project: construction of a one-room hot-lunch kitchen for the tiny elementary school. Possibly, too, it could be used as a community center. The AFSC agreed, if Darby would provide materials for the job and a place for campers to live and cook.

The local PTA got busy, sponsoring parties that raised \$100 for materials. It persuaded a radio station in near-by Chester to grant air time to any construction company which donated materials. One such company gave all the needed cement and blocks—\$500 worth.

In the local junior high school, two classrooms were set aside for sleeping quarters and a third for kitchen and eating facilities.

Then, on July 2nd, 21 young campers arrived from as far away as Tucson, Arizona. In charge of them were a young couple volunteering their services as directors. The husband was an assistant instructor in the Art Institute of Chicago, his wife a teacher.

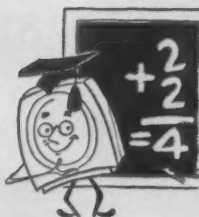
As the project got under way, passers-by rubbed their eyes. Soon men and women alike were volunteering. Bricklayers and carpenters came whenever they could to put in an hour's work before going to their regular jobs. Youngsters joined in.

At times when the job had to be halted because materials hadn't arrived, the campers painted a number of homes for aged couples, fixed the drain pipes on a local church, cleared up alleys and vacant lots. Throughout the summer, too, these white youngsters visited in the homes of the community, took part in church activities.

"This group of youngsters put new life and hope into the community," the wife of the Negro minister said. "They inspired our children and showed us adults that we can do for ourselves, even with our limited resources. There's a whole new attitude of co-operation."

Week-end work camps have proved no less valuable. More

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Things run smoother all day long when you have this accurate, dependable General Electric "Pantry" clock in your kitchen.

Further, this handsome G-E clock (available in white, ivory, red, and yellow) looks like it's built right into the wall! And, the bright, clear numerals make it so easy to tell time from any

spot in your kitchen! Remember, too, that:

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2. *Quiet!* (No disturbing ticktock.)
3. *Dependable!* (Long life.)
4. *Accurate!* (Never varies.)

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

than 200 have been held in Philadelphia, where AFSC headquarters have been located since 1940, and the idea has spread to communities both here and abroad.

In groups up to 20, high-school and college students and out-of-school adults meet each Friday evening in the basement of a church, a settlement house or community building in one of the neediest sections of the city. The campers who can afford it pay \$2.50 for their maintenance. They make their own simple dinner, follow it with discussions of community problems, perhaps listen to a speaker, then retire on folding cots. Saturday is a full work day, and the amount accomplished is notable. Group recreation is provided for Saturday night, and Sunday is spent at church and leisure.

Some years ago a young ex-camper, while in college, heard of a group of rural churches near-by that wanted to build a summer conference camp for young people. Acting on his suggestion, a committee was formed to secure donations of money and land.

Farmers gave trees for lumber, and the young man organized a group of students into a work camp which, during spring vacation, chopped down the trees. It was easy, then, to persuade local people to haul the logs to a sawmill, where they were cut free of charge.

That summer, the work group tore down an abandoned church and started building the main hall of the camp. Local people finished the hall and built eight cabins.

The AFSC has found that maintaining one camper for eight weeks costs \$125. For campers who cannot afford that, the Friends pay part of the expense. Increasingly, too, youth clubs and other organizations have been helping with costs. Each club may send a member. They pay for his maintenance and, in return, get detailed reports of his experience.

The greatest problem in setting up a camp is leadership. Usually there is someone in the community—a teacher, social worker, or even a business or professional man or woman—who can devote a week end or two. No technical background is required—only an ability to get along with people.

Recently, Gilbert White, president of Haverford College, said about work camps: "They represent a new type of learning—learning that is related to life and to the problems of living."

Work camps are demonstrating more and more that our youngsters are eager to get their hands into hard work for the common good, and to solve civic problems by their own enterprise and cooperation—with no help whatsoever from a benevolent Welfare State.

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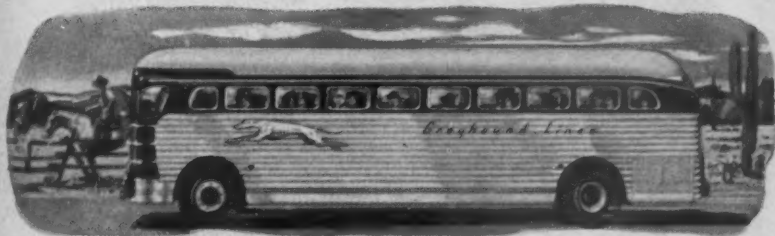


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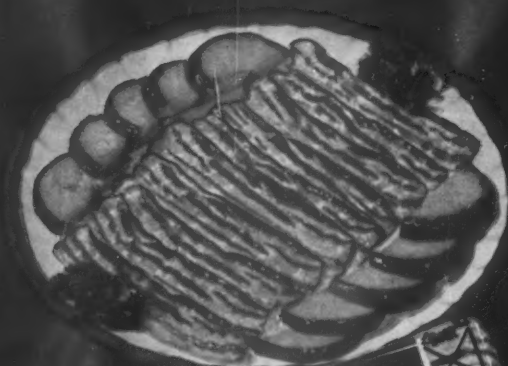
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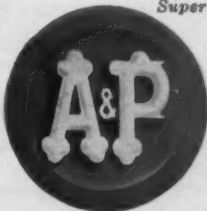
Prepare pudding as package directs; cool. Stir in whipped cream, reserving spoonful for garnish. Turn pudding into serving dish; place cake around pudding as shown. Arrange preserves over top. Garnish with cream and preserves. 6 servings.

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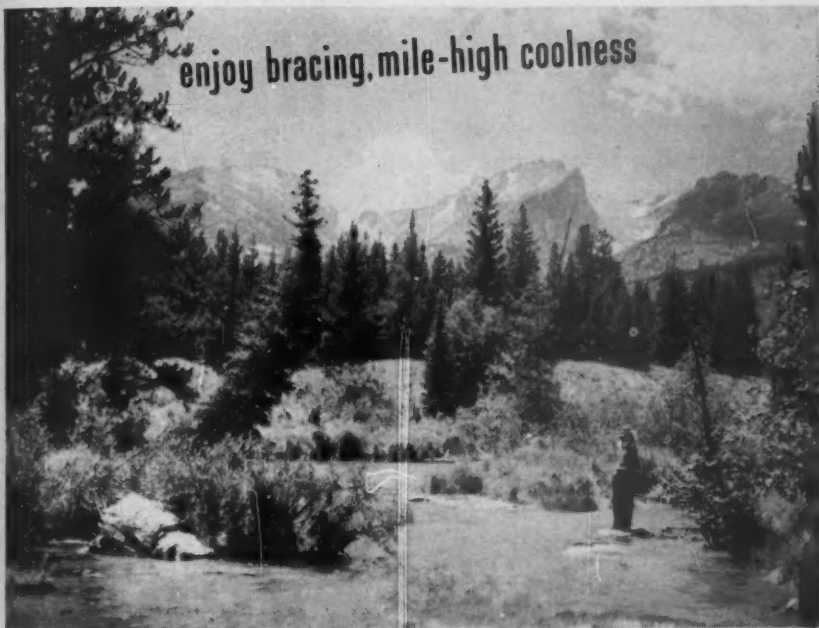
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(The Equitable
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The Adventures of SHERLOCK HOLMES

are ever the favorite of those
who know their detectives in fact and
fiction. Ben Wright (above)
plays the Sage of Baker St. (Petri Wine)
Wednesday, 9:00 P.M., E.S.T.

COUNTER-SPY

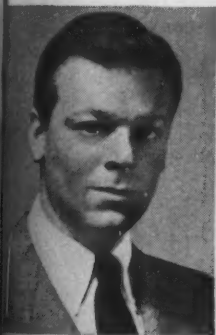
"—calling Washington!"
keynotes the start of another
thrilling adventure.

David Harding, chief of
the Counter-Spies, is
Don McLaughlin (right)
in real life. (Pepsi-Cola)
*Tuesday and Thursday,
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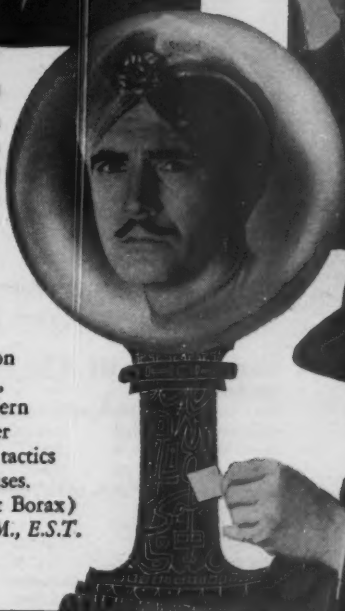


THE SHERIFF

played by Don
Briggs (left),
relies on modern
methods rather
than two-gun tactics
to solve his cases.
(Pacific Coast Borax)
Fri., 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.

THE CASEBOOK OF GREGORY HOOD

recounts the amazing adventures
of the suave connoisseur of
crime, portrayed by Broadway's
own Martin Gabel (below).
Wednesday, 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.



THE FAT MAN

private detective with a
trigger-quick mind and fast
despite his 239 pounds,
is played realistically
by J. Scott Smart (right).
(Norwich Pharmacal Co.)
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